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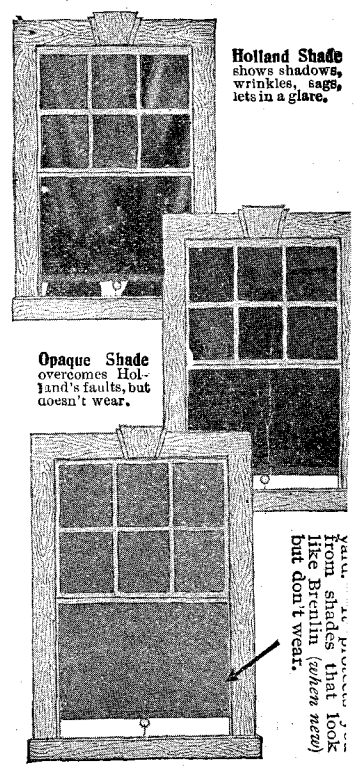
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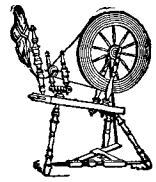

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The Outlook

AUGUST 14, 1909

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LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

THE PAYNE TARIFF LAW

At midnight between August 5 and August 6, 1909, the Payne Tariff Bill became the Payne Tariff Law. It had been signed on the afternoon of August 5 by President Taft, following its adoption earlier in the afternoon by the Senate. A few days previous it had been passed by the House of Representatives. The Payne Bill is the work of a Republican Congress in its effort to fulfill the pledges of the Republican platform of last year, and of the Republican nominee for the Presidency. He is now President. While he admits that the measure is "not a perfect tariff bill or a complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted," he declares, nevertheless, that it is "the result of a sincere effort on the part of the Republican party to make a downward revision and to comply with the promises of the platform as they have been generally understood." Seven Republican Senators voted against the bill, namely, Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana, Mr. Bristow, of Kansas, Mr. Cummins and Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Clapp, of Minnesota. The section of country represented by these men has long been noted for restiveness under some of the provisions of the Dingley Law. Numerically the States from which the Republican defection comes are important, because they comprise sixty-two electoral votes in a Presidential election. But qualitatively they are also important because of their independence of judgment. For instance, Minnesota, in 1904, gave President Roosevelt 161,000 plurality, but also gave a plurality of 6,000 to Governor Johnson, a Democrat; in 1908 Minnesota gave a plurality of 85,000 votes to Mr. Taft and 20,000 to Mr. Johnson. It was to these States that Governor Johnson spoke last week in his address at Seattle, when he bade them exercise their "undoubted balance of power, no matter under what name the National Administration at Washington exists." The opposition of the seven protestants to a high tariff had been gallantly displayed throughout the debate. But when the end came, and it was seen that half a loaf was better than no bread, it seems strange that these Senators should resist the lowering of lumber, for instance, from two dollars a thousand feet to a dollar and a quarter, of iron ore from forty cents a ton to fifteen, and of hides from fifteen per cent to the free list.

NECESSARY SPECIAL ACTION

Immediately following the passage of the bill attention was paid to two matters of necessarily special legislation—a concurrent resolution concerning certain items of the leather schedule, and an urgency deficiency bill. The leather items cover sole leather; grain, buff, and split leather; boots and shoes, harness and saddlery. As the rates on these commodities demanded by the President were much lower than those in either the House or Senate bill, special legislation was necessary. It resulted in a complete victory for Mr. Taft. Then the two houses adopted the Urgency Deficiency Bill, which provides funds for certain features of the new tariff law. Unfortunately, however, Congress withheld the funds to meet the expenses of the new Customs Court, one of the principal features of the new law. This was due to the opponents of the court, who, unable to prevent it from becoming a provision of the Payne Tariff Law, have now temporarily checked its operation. The Payne Law is thus the result of efforts which began three years ago when Mr. Taft, in his speech at Bath, Maine, first declared for tariff revision Last autumn

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the Hon. Sereno E. Payne, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, began holding investigations to determine what was necessary in revising the Dingley Tariff, which had been in operation for nearly twelve years. On March 4 of this year Mr. Taft, in assuming the duties of the Chief Magistracy, called an extraordinary session of Congress to revise the tariff. On March 15 Congress convened, and three days later Mr. Payne introduced the bill prepared by his Committee. On April 10 the House passed the bill and transmitted it to the Senate, and two days later the Senate began its consideration of the measure. On July 8 the Senate passed the bill, with over eight hundred amendments. On the following day the House refused to concur in the amendments, and the two bills were sent forthwith to a Conference Committee, consisting of delegates from each house. On July 29 the conferees, under pressure from the President, reached an agreement. Two days later the House adopted the report and passed the bill. Six days later the Senate did the same. The new Tariff Law is now effective, with the exception of certain provisions—the maximum rates go into effect on March 31, 1910, and the increased internal revenue tax on cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, and snuff on July 1, 1910.

THE COTTON SCHEDULE A CORRECTION

Since commenting three weeks ago on the cotton schedule of the new Tariff Bill we have made some careful investigations in Washington, and are convinced that The Outlook did the framers of the bill, as well as the protected cotton interests, an injustice. We asserted that the Dingley duties on ordinary cotton cloths of universal consumption were increased. This is a mistake—a mistake which is repeated editorially by the New York Times of August 5 in the following extravagant language:

> The notorious cotton goods schedule may be introduced as an exhibit in the revision case. In that schedule the duties upon the commonest, cheapest bleached goods have been raised from ten to forty-eight per cent, or even more, above the Dingley level.

The facts are that the cotton clauses of the Dingley Law have been so interpreted by the courts that high grade and expensive cottons have, during the last two or three years, been paying a lower rate of duty than cheaper grades of cotton cloth. The new schedules have been framed to meet this manifest injustice. Mr. De Vries, of the United States Board of General Appraisers, is our authority for the statement that the new duties will not affect the cottons of commonest consumption, but only the higher grades, such as those that are mercerized or have woven into them silk or colored or mercerized threads; and Senator Root, whose word is accepted everywhere as that of a witness of the highest order, is our authority for the statement that Mr. De Vries and his associates on the Board of Appraisers "are the most trusted and the most able of the experts of the United States in enforcing the tariff laws," and in interpreting "the meaning and application of our customs laws, and all the intricacies of the vast and complicated business to which those laws are to be applied." In our previous comment we did the cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island another injustice. Reporting an advance in the price of finished cotton goods quoted at Fall River, we intimated that it resulted from the manufacturers' knowledge of an increase in the cotton duties which they had brought about by selfish influence. This was, although sincere, a mistaken aspersion; the advanced price in manufactured cottons is due to a shortage in the cotton crop reported by the United States Government. The Outlook heartily believes that genuine tariff reform means "downward revision;" but no reform is ever aided by a misstatement of the facts. We believe that the duties on cotton cloths as they stood in the Dingley Law were too high, and we should have been glad to see them materially reduced in the Payne Law; but Senator Aldrich's endeavor to maintain them in the Payne Law as they were originally framed by Mr. Dingley does not justify the tariff reformer in asserting that they have been increased and that the ultimate consumer has been hoodwinked. On another page we comment editorially upon the new Tariff Bill as a whole.

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MAYOR JOHNSON AND CLEVELAND STREET RAILWAYS

A number of readers of The Outlook in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, have written protesting against the opinion recently expressed in these pages that the most recent plan of Mayor Tom L. Johnson for a reorganization of the street railway system of that city should not be adopted by its citizens. Whether the citizens of Cleveland paid any attention to the advice of The Outlook or not we do not know; but, as a matter of fact, on August 3, in a referendum election, Mayor Johnson's plan was defeated by a vote of thirty-one thousand for it to nearly thirty-five thousand against it. This referendum decision appears to us to be a wise one. The correspondents who criticise The Outlook because two years ago it advocated Mayor Johnson's proposal to reform the street railways of Cleveland, and now opposes Mayor Johnson's proposals of reform, do not seem to understand our position, although we have endeavored to make it very plain. One of our critics is Mr. Harris R. Cooley, who is an official in Mayor Johnson's administration. We know something about the admirable and successful work on the highest humanitarian lines which Mr. Cooley has done in the Department of Charities of the city of Cleveland. For him and for his official work we have the highest respect. What he says in a letter to The Outlook is so typical, we think, of a mistaken attitude of many of Mayor Johnson's supporters that we quote from it:

> For nearly twenty years Mr. Johnson was a member of a church here in the city, of which I was pastor. I have had unusual opportunities of knowing him. He is as utterly fearless in the struggle with intrenched wrongs in our day as was Mr. Beecher in his day. He has seemed to me to be fighting the battle which Mr. Beecher would fight if he were alive to-day. We expect him to be misrepresented by many of the newspapers of our country, but I confess to a feeling of pain when The Outlook, which to me has always been associated with Mr. Beecher, so misrepresented the struggle which Mr. Johnson is making against privilege.

It is quite true that the street railway systems of this country have been so generally managed for selfish interests and contrary to the public welfare that the phrase "intrenched wrongs" is hardly extravagant when applied to them. New York City is painfully suffering from such intrenched wrongs to-day. When, two years ago, Mayor Johnson proposed a plan of operating the street railways of Cleveland, not for private interests, but for the public welfare, we advocated it. An opportunity was given him to try his plan, and he ignominiously failed. In some aspects of the administration of his plan his financial actions were open to the most serious criticism. In the words of a useful vernacular expression, he failed to "make good." The dragon of intrenched wrongs may have been there, but Mayor Johnson proved not to be the St. George that we thought he was. Our advice to the people of Cleveland is, when they have dragons to fight, to employ a successful St. George; and this is apparently what they have determined to do. This is the sum and substance of our criticism of Mayor Johnson, and has nothing whatever to do with questions of special privilege, vested interests, intrenched wrongs, or the people's rights. It is a man and not a principle upon which the people of Cleveland passed judgment last week.

CITY GOVERNMENT

Slowly, but none the less surely, the forces which are at work in the West for a more efficient and representative method of municipal government are gaining ground. Kansas City, Kansas, with a population of 110,000, voted July 14 to adopt the commission form of government, after having, only a year before, voted against it. That city for years has been misgoverned under the ward system, and it had reached the point where bankruptcy was becoming a possibility, with the city running behind its revenues at the rate of $100,000 a year. Colorado Springs, Colorado, has lately had its first election for officers under a new charter which lodges the municipal government in a board of five commissioners. The charter, which was adopted by a vote of 3,000 to 200, is in several respects a distinct advance over the earlier forms of commission government as adopted in Galveston, Houston, and other Texas cities. Des

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Moines, which has now been under commission government for a little more than one year, shows by its annual report a highly efficient administration with a saving to the taxpayers of approximately $250,000 in reduced expenses, with better service and better-paid employees than ever were known under the old form of government. The same good showing has been made in Leavenworth, Wichita, and Independence, Kansas, all of which are operating under commission government. Missouri statutes make no provision for municipal government in cities, but the last Legislature granted to St. Joseph, a city of 125,000 people, a new charter which contains many of the features of the commission form. The old ward council, for instance, is abolished, and in its place is substituted a council of five men elected at large for four-year terms. Kansas City (Missouri), which is one of the few cities in the United States which has the power to frame its own charter, adopted a new charter a year ago, but it went rather to the other extreme, and retained its unwieldy bicameral legislative body, and provided for nine boards of commissioners to handle the various departments of the government. There are, for instance, the Police Board, the Park Board, Board of Public Works, Hospital Board, Board of Fire and Water Commissioners, Board of Pardons and Paroles, Public Utilities Board, Civil Service Board, and Tenement Commission. Power and responsibility are thus divided instead of centralized. There is, however, a continuous agitation in Kansas City for more representative, centralized, and responsible government, and a growing sentiment in favor of the commission form. Whether this sentiment shall grow strong enough to force its adoption will depend largely upon the showing that is made under commission government in Kansas City, Kansas, which is divided from Kansas City, Missouri, only by an invisible State line.

HOME RULE AND THE SALOONS

A curious inconsistency in politics was shown in the recent defeat in Kansas City, Missouri, of an amendment to the city charter the purpose of which was to take away from the Board of Police Commissioners and lodge in an Excise Board the control of saloons. In a total vote of nearly 31,000 the amendment lacked nearly 12,000 of the necessary two-thirds majority to carry. This in face of two previous elections in which the question of a "wide open" Sunday and lax saloon regulation was the controlling factor in the results. In the spring election in 1908 the city defeated by nearly 3,000 majority Henry M. Beardsley for re-election as Mayor. Mr. Beardsley was President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and naturally, as ex-officio President of the Police Board, favored a strict observance of the Sunday closing law. He also advocated and signed an ordinance closing the saloons between one o'clock and five o'clock in the morning. In retaliation the saloon interests allied themselves with certain corporation interests and brought about his defeat for re-election. In the State election last fall the Democratic candidate, a Kansas City man, made his campaign avowedly favorable to the "wide open" Sunday, not only in Kansas City, but in the State as well. On the other hand, Governor Hadley promised to follow Governor Folk's policy of a strict observance of the Sunday law. Governor Hadley was a Kansas City man, too, but the city and county gave a majority of 5,000 against him, although he carried the State by 17,000 votes and was the first Republican Governor elected in forty years. The saloon question alone brought about the result in Jackson County and Kansas City. The power to appoint the Police Boards which control the saloons in large cities is vested with the Governor. Governor Hadley, however, favored "home rule," but the Democrats defeated a Home Rule bill in the Legislature. Governor Hadley then appointed a Republican Police Board for Kansas City. The Board immediately began to clean out the low saloons and those which violated the Sunday law. It so happened that most of these saloons were owned by Democrats, several of them politicians who had violated the Sunday law with impunity under a previous Police Board. The Democratic city administration then caused to be passed by the Council an ordinance to submit to the voters a "home rule" amendment to

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the city charter placing the control of the saloons in an Excise Board to be appointed by the Mayor. The Board would have been Democratic, of course, and strongly pro-saloon; and yet the same voters who had twice voted in favor of lax saloon control turned and buried the excise amendment under an avalanche of votes. It is beautifully inconsistent, but Kansas City takes it as a hopeful sign of the ultimate triumph of cleanliness and decency in the municipal household.

A GOOD PENNY TURNS UP

The new one-cent piece, which the United States Mint has been promising, was issued last week. Its design is a radical departure in United States coinage. Its main feature is a relief portrait of Abraham Lincoln, admirably modeled and excellently proportioned to the size of the coin. The obverse of the cent, which contains the portrait, has also the words In God We Trust and Liberty, and the date 1909. The reverse bears two conventionalized ears of wheat, the words One Cent, United States of America, and the motto E Pluribus Unum. At the bottom of this side appear, in microscopic size, the letters V. P. B. They are the initials of the name of the designer, primarily of the portrait, but also of the entire coin, Mr. Victor P. Brenner. Mr. Brenner is the Russian sculptor who designed the relief portrait of Theodore Roosevelt for the Panama medal. A reproduction of this medal appeared on the cover of The Outlook of March 6 last. Mr. Brenner has not only made a portrait of President Lincoln which, even in miniature as it appears on the coin, ranks with some of the best portraits in existence, but he has designed the coin as a whole with dignity, restraint, and artistic feeling. Following the new gold coins made from the designs of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the new cent piece marks another step toward placing our coinage, where it has not yet stood, on a high plane. It is reported that the Secretary of the Treasury, apparently in response to popular outcry, has determined that the cents which are struck in the future shall bear only the letter B, and not the three initials of the designer's name. This decision seems to us to be an unfortunate mistake. It is true that our present silver coinage bears only one letter of the designer's name, and that of the minutest size. It is in accordance with this precedent, we understand, that Secretary MacVeagh is acting. The new twenty-dollar gold piece, issued two years ago, however, bears the initials, intertwined in a monogram, of its designer, the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, while the new five-dollar gold piece bears, even more prominently placed than Mr. Brenner's initials on the new cent, the three letters B. L. P., the initials of the designer, Bela L. Pratt. So the precedent has already been broken. But even if it had not, now would be a good time to break it. Mr. Brenner has produced a work of art and a coin worthy to represent the United States in the coinage of the world. He deserves far more than the small measure of recognition which these tiny letters so inconspicuously placed afford him. As a people, we are none too eager to give artistic achievement its due. Unless some more weighty reason of state can be adduced, let the initials remain.

OLD HADLEY'S ANNIVERSARY

Last week the historic village of Old Hadley, in western Massachusetts, welcomed at its hospitable gates a throng of 25,000 visitors. The occasion of this remarkable pilgrimage to a typical New England hamlet was the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. There are older towns than Hadley in this country, but none in which the seventeenth-century traditions have lingered more persistently. Hadley was in one sense a daughter of the Connecticut Colony, having been settled by families from Hartford and Wethersfield; but among the founders were men and women who less than a quarter of a century before had made the summer's journey through the "wilderness" from Newtown (Cambridge) under the leadership of Hooker and the elders who had come from England in the years 1632–36. The settlement of Hadley was an episode in the great Puritan migration of those years. It was the result of a division in the Hartford church, but the ideas of civil govern-

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ment which prevailed in the Connecticut Colony passed up the valley with the sturdy pioneers who, in 1659, laid out "Old Hadley Street," a combination of roadway and town common over three hundred feet wide and bordered by magnificent elms. One of the Colonial Governors of Connecticut, John Webster, had a part in the founding of Hadley, and his bones now lie in the ancient burial plot, under a monument erected by his descendant, Noah Webster, the lexicographer. Most distinguished among Old Hadley's residents in Colonial times were the English regicides, Whalley and Goffe, who lived for years concealed in Parson Russell's house. They were among the judges who had condemned Charles I to death, and the spirit of Cromwellism, dominant in the frontier Puritan village on the Connecticut, harbored the foes of royalty long after the Restoration. This outpost of the white man's civilization had its long and bloody record of conflict with hostile Indian tribes, and when the Revolution came on, Old Hadley, like other New England towns, could send her little quota of disciplined soldiers into the field. In the nineteenth century the two sons of Hadley who rose to greatest eminence were General Joseph Hooker, corps and division commander in the Civil War, and Bishop F. D. Huntington, of the diocese of Central New York. Like Norwich, Connecticut, which also celebrated its quarter-millennial a few weeks ago, Hadley has sent forth a large number of gifted sons and daughters to enrich the National life. For nearly all the two hundred and fifty years the influence of Hopkins Academy, one of the earliest institutions of its kind in New England, has been steadily exerted in this direction. The anniversary exercises last week included a historical pageant devised by the blind poet of Hadley, Clarence Hawkes, whose article "Hitting the Dark Trail," in The Outlook two weeks ago, will be remembered; an oration by President Huntington, of Boston University; a review of the career of the Rev. John Russell, the first Hadley minister, by George Sheldon, the venerable historian of Deerfield; and a poem by John Howard Jewett. Greetings were received from Hadleigh in England, the town from which the Massachusetts settlement took its name. Amherst, originally a part of Hadley, has reached her one hundred and fiftieth year of separate organization, and the fact was commemorated simultaneously with the Hadley festivities.

DEADLY HEADACHE REMEDIES

"The" headache, as our grandmothers were wont to call it, is one of the commonest and most annoying of human ills. And in this day, when the soda fountain fills many functions—from that of lunch counter to that of the family doctor—headache remedies are almost as common as the ill they seek to cure. Three drugs which are used in such remedies have been known to medicine for less than twenty-five years. They are acetanilid, antipyrin, and phenacetin. Each of them has the property of easing pain; and one or the other of them is the active agent in most headache powders, pills, or draughts. The Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, in connection with its duties in the enforcement of the Pure Food Law, has been investigating the record of these three drugs in relation to poisoning, death, and habitual use. The result of the investigation has just been made public. Physicians, it appears, use these drugs much less than formerly; but it is notorious that their use by the general public is increasing every day. The Bureau sent a list of questions to 925 physicians, and received replies from 400 of them. These practitioners reported 814 cases of poisoning from these drugs in their experience, 28 deaths, and 136 cases of habitual use. In medical literature the Bureau found reported, in twenty-three years, 855 cases of poisoning, 26 deaths, and 33 cases of habitual use. Granting that the 525 physicians who did not reply had no cases to report, the question may profitably be asked, if 925 physicians have observed so many cases of poisoning, death, and habitual use, "how many such cases have in all probability been observed by the 125,000 physicians scattered throughout the United States?" In more than one-half the cases of poisoning, the drug was taken by direction of a physician. If physicians cannot be sure to avoid ill effects in using

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these drugs, what chance has the unskilled person of escaping the danger? These three drugs "are poisons in the true sense of the word," and their use in any form without medical advice is inexcusable rashness. This report of the Bureau is a practical illustration of what should be an axiom in the mind of every sensible person. Do not try to diagnose your own ailments. Do not prescribe for yourself. And, above all, beware of remedies which promise, or indeed seem to perform, miraculous cures. Pain is a danger signal set by Nature to warn us of something wrong within. For a man to seek to rid himself of pain by the use of such remedies as the three under consideration, and to congratulate himself on his success, is as foolish as it would be for an engineer, confronted by the red lamp of danger, to smash it with a rock, and go ahead in confidence that the road was clear because the danger signal had ceased to shine. The doctor, trained in the knowledge of physical causes and the effects of drugs, may very properly use such means to remove the danger signal after he has noted its warning and taken steps to remove the cause. The sufferer who prescribes for himself buys immunity from pain in a dear market. And no longer has the individual the excuse of ignorance. The Pure Food Law requires the label to indicate the presence of any one of these three drugs. If you will dose yourself, avoid, like the plague, every remedy whose label proclaims the presence of acetanilid, antipyrin, or phenacetin, however glowing the promises which the same label may hold forth. The promises may be false, the nature of the drugs is sure.

THE SWEDISH STRIKE

We do not often hear about labor troubles in Sweden, hence Americans generally suppose that conditions relative to agriculture, mines, timber, woolen, cotton, and other industries are more favorable to the wage-worker in Sweden than is generally the case. Exactly the contrary would seem to be indicated by the fact that last week no less than three hundred thousand men, about one-twentieth of the Swedish population, were on strike. The trouble originated in a dispute over wages in the woolen and cotton industries; and, little by little, the workers in other fields of labor struck in sympathy. For instance, in Gothenburg, the greatest Swedish port, work at all the slaughter-houses has come to an end, and the general strike committee has called upon the printers and the railway workers to join the movement. At Malmö, another important port on the sea separating Sweden from Denmark, practically the entire wage-working population is on strike. At Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and next to Gothenburg in commercial importance, the employees of the municipality and the State telegraph linemen have joined the movement. The strike is now general. Soldiers are being quartered in different sections of the capital and in its many suburbs, and a civil guard corps is also being organized for the protection of property. Banks and important shops are closed and guarded. All the ferries from Stockholm to the many islands about it have ceased operations, and even the large steamers, usually engaged until into October in carrying villagers and residents to seaside resorts, have suddenly stopped running, have discharged their crews, and are being laid up for the winter. Arrangements are now being made to run the Stockholm water-works and the electric light plants by soldiers. Indeed, the entire standing army of Sweden is ready for action. The army consists of nearly forty thousand men, but can be recruited by the "Landstorm," or reserve, to nearly two hundred thousand. The presence of the army may be doubly necessary, for the members of the Young Socialists party are striving to give a revolutionary character to the labor war. The authorities have therefore decided, at the first sign of insurrection, to declare Stockholm in a state of siege. Within the city the pinch of hunger is already beginning to be felt, as the bread supply is nearly exhausted and the stock of meat is running low. The difficulties of the Government in maintaining order are not lessened by the gifts of other Scandinavian wage-workers to their brethren in Sweden. Collections are being taken up in Finland for the strikers, the Danish unions have promised to contribute a percentage of their weekly wages as long as

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the lockout lasts, and the Norwegian laborers, not satisfied with their donation of forty thousand dollars to the strike fund, are making further collections. From every point of view the Swedish strike is thus one of the most interesting events which has yet occurred in the labor world.

HOLLAND AND AMERICA

The year 1609 in Amsterdam was memorable not only for the sailing of Henry Hudson, but for the arrival of the Pilgrim mothers and fathers. As he started first eastward for China and found the gateway into the western continent, so they sought to settle on the Hudson River and founded New England. In their honor, an old, small street in Amsterdam has been renamed the English Pilgrim Street by the City Council. In the church in the Begyn Hof, where our mother speech has been used in divine worship since the Reformation, on Sunday morning, July 11, a memorial tablet was unveiled. Presented by the Chicago Congregational Club, it is rich in civic medallions, and contains the names of Ainsworth, Johnson, Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford, with a quotation from the latter, the historian of Plymouth Plantation. The speakers were Chancellor MacCracken, the Rev. Dr. Bishop, Professor Raymond, Dr. William Elliot Griffis; and on the following Sunday the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, of Oak Park, Illinois, made the formal presentation. At Nijkerk, on the 12th, in the old home of the Van Rensselaers, New Netherland was remembered, for here, in the Groote Kerk, with two hours of solemn and inspiring ceremonies and with music, Arendt van Curler, founder of Schenectady, was commemorated in a tablet eloquent in inscription and symbol. On the 9th of July, Rutgers College, the daughter of Utrecht University, saluted her own Alma Mater by affixing in the hall of the University a bronze memorial in the presence of the gowned faculty and Rector Magnificus, with speeches in English and Dutch. The fourth tablet, recalling the recognition of American independence, the reception of John Adams, and the loan in money of eight million guilders to the Continental Congress in 1782, was exhibited in the hall of the Legislature of Friesland, at Leeuwarden, July 15. All the verbal proceedings of an hour, with conversation at the subsequent historical display of documents, medals, etc., in the Frisian Society's Museum, and the dinner to the American visitors, were in English. At Leyden, the real mother city of the Pilgrims, the Walloons, settlers of Manhattan in 1623, and the Huguenots, who came later, a brass plate in honor of Professor Jean Luzac, of the Leyden University, friend of Adams, Washington, and the men of our Revolution, will be unveiled in September. These events took place during or following the week in which the new Half Moon and her crew in early seventeenth-century costume was voyaging the Holland canals, towed by a tug, to be finally swung by crane on board a Dutch steamer and to be carried across the Atlantic. Yet this baby-house toy boat is of exactly the same dimensions as those of Hudson's original craft. In the same week Miss Henrietta Kuypers's fine little book in Dutch on Hendrik Hudson was published.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN PERSIA

The deposition of the Shah of Persia and the accession of a new Shah are events of far greater historical significance than we realize. They mean a distinct break with the hoary old past and a distinct recognition of the modern conditions in which, whether they wish or no, Persians must live. Before we forget the past, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand's "Nadir Shah" (Dutton) should remind us of how much a check to progress that past has been. Sir Mortimer was recently British Ambassador in Washington, following thirty-odd years spent in Persia and India. His acquaintance with those countries is intimate, and he has utilized it for the benefit of his own Government. He is said to have accomplished more than any one in or out of Persia to cement proper relations between that country and Great Britain. Sir Mortimer has also been engaged in "working up" the history of Persia and India, and became specially interested in Persia of the eighteenth century. The commanding character of that epoch in Persian history was Nadir Kuli, better known to the world as Nadir Shah. He raised Persia to the first place.

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among Oriental powers. Though Sir Mortimer started out to write a history of the Persia of that time, he now presents this particular character to us in the form of a romance. He does this partly with the hope of giving more life and color to the character, and partly because the existing accounts of Nadir Shah are hardly the material from which exact history can now be written. Nevertheless, Sir Mortimer has endeavored to write a story entirely consistent with the known facts. While the book is worth attention both because of construction and style, it is, as may be fancied, chiefly notable because of its character drawing. Nadir was a signal type of the fierce Oriental tyrant. Brutally and pitilessly he piled up records in barbarity in every region of his country. His crowning cruelty was committed when he turned his own son over to the executioners with orders to tear the boy's eyes from their sockets. Only by reading such a vivid romance as this do we appreciate the forces of reaction with which Persian reformers have had to contend, and the victory they have finally won.

THE EARTHQUAKES IN MEXICO

As reports continue to come in from various parts of Mexico, it appears that the recent series of earthquakes has been wide in extent and of great destructive force. Shocks of greater or less intensity were experienced for several days after the first disaster of July 30. The extraordinary thing seems to be that, although the destruction of property, including many public buildings, was large, there has been very little if any loss of life. In Mexico City itself the beautiful and famous ancient cathedral, admired by so many thousands of American tourists, has been gravely injured and is in an unsafe condition, although not beyond the possibility of being restored and in part reconstructed. It stands on the site of the great Aztec temple, and its construction was begun in 1573. The National Palace and many fine business buildings (some of them of the most modern steel construction) were broken and twisted. Thirteen earthquakes were recorded within thirteen hours. At Acapulco the damage was even more extensive, relatively speaking; and, as at Messina, the ruin caused by the earthquake was followed by that due to a tidal wave, so that the people are in great numbers deprived of their homes, and have suffered from hunger and exposure. At Acapulco it is stated that as many as seventy-three distinct shocks have been felt since the first. The year's record of earthquakes the world over has been quite unusual in the number of shocks felt at widely separated places. Not only Italy and Sicily, but Russia, Persia, Spain, China, Chile, and France, have suffered in varying degrees of violence.

LOUIS LOEB

Louis Loeb, who recently died at Canterbury, New Hampshire, where he was spending his vacation, was a peculiarly picturesque painter. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1866. But in his forty-three years he accomplished a mature work. He early showed artistic capacity. He also showed a rugged simplicity of character and independence of spirit. He was a poor boy, but he helped himself by teaching others the art which he was learning. He became a lithographer, and before he was twenty-five years old he was a well-known worker in that field. All this time he was laying aside money with which to visit Paris to study painting. He went to Paris, and he studied under Gérôme. He obtained a medal at the French Salon. On his return to America, however, he was not rich enough to give his fancy full rein, and so devoted himself for a while to magazine illustration. In it he was one of the best-paid men and attained distinction. Popular attention was first drawn to his work by his illustrations in Harper's Magazine of Mr. Janvier's Greek play at Avignon, France. Until recently Mr. Loeb had also taught at the New York City Art Students' League. When he devoted himself fully to color, he was notable first of all in the domain of portraiture, as witness the portraits of Mr. Jacob Schiff in the Harvard Semitic Museum and of Mr. Israel Zangwill. Secondly, while Mr. Loeb's landscapes—"The Dawn," for instance—were distinguished for a certain affinity with the Barbizon school, they also bore the mark of independent power. But the artist's greatest

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strength lay in allegory. He was an idealist both in the purity of his art ideals and in his ideals for his own people—the Jews. He had an intense desire to be helpful to them. At an early age he was attracted by the Zionist Movement, and later became affiliated with the Jewish Territorial Organization, of which he was one of the Executive Committee. One is always conscious of an attempt at the difficult, the mysterious, if not the unattainable, in everything allegorical he did, from "The Temple of the Winds," which gained a medal at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition and was later acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to "The Joyous Life" and "The Summit," painted not long ago, canvases which mark the acme of Mr. Loeb's powers. His work shows a steady advance from start to finish. Always intelligent, it ever increased in vision, vitality, and technical skill.

A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH

More than half a century ago a devoted young clergyman of the Church of England left his home to undertake work among the rough pioneers in the far Northwest of America. British Columbia was a far-away region in 1860, and the Rev. John Sheepshanks found strange conditions upon his arrival after a long journey. He was the man for the time and place, however, and his letters and journal form a large part of the sketch called "A Bishop in the Rough," edited by the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie (Dutton). The energetic missionary soon had a primitive church building, and won recognition more easily, he tells us, from Americans than from his own countrymen in the wilderness. His journeys to and fro in his big parish, his voyages to England and back, his experiences in Salt Lake among the Mormons, his enjoyment of the scenery of North America, and his hearty friendship for his companions of all kinds—all these elements unite to show why, in later years, he was made Bishop of Norwich and exerted a wide and beneficent influence from the episcopal throne. This unaffected narrative shows clearly what immense strides have been made in a short fifty years in subduing our vast continent.

THE NEW TARIFF

Considered in their relations to the protective system and tariff legislation, the people of the United States may be divided into four classes:

I. *Philosophical Protectionists*—those who believe in a protective tariff because it is necessary for the general welfare, social and economic, of the whole country. President Taft is the foremost representative of this group.

II. *Pocketbook Protectionists*—those whose sole interest in tariff legislation is to have their own industries or factories profit by the highest obtainable duties or the freest obtainable imports, without regard to the interest or welfare of anybody else. To name individuals in this group would be disagreeable; every reader can think of personal illustrations; from this group spring all the log-rolling and corrupt lobbying which constitute a mass of evil that, in the minds of many thoughtful students of political science, counterbalances the supposed economic advantages of a protective system.

III. *Revenue Tariff Reformers*—who advocate a tariff tax levied solely to produce a revenue sufficient, with excise taxes, to support the Federal Government, and from which all protective features are eliminated. The late President Cleveland might be named as a type of this group, and also the late Representative Wilson, author of the unsuccessful Wilson Tariff Bill—unsuccessful because, while professedly a revenue bill, it contained some inconsistent and therefore inefficient protective features.

IV. *Free-traders*—who would have National imports and exports as untrammeled by statutes as inter-State commerce, and the revenue of the Nation raised by direct taxation. Mr. John Bigelow, whose views on tariffs were recently quoted in these pages, and Professor Sumner, of Yale University, are representatives of the free trade policy.

This classification must be carefully borne in mind in considering the Payne Law. It is a protectionist measure, framed by a protectionist party, in fulfillment of a protectionist platform, and will be administered by a protectionist government. Tariff for Revenue Reformers and Free-

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traders may not approve it, but they cannot, on the ground that it is a protectionist measure, condemn Congress for passing it or Mr. Taft for signing it. If the country could to-day, in a referendum election, vote on the question, Shall the United States maintain the protective system, adopt a tariff for revenue only, or make its foreign trade as free as its domestic trade? the protective system would be sustained by a large majority. The new law must therefore be judged upon three counts: Is it a protective measure? is the protection it provides designed for the benefit of the entire Nation? and does it in any efficient degree keep the promises of the Republican party and Mr. Taft to give the country "downward revision"? We think President Taft was amply justified in signing the bill on all three counts.

Undoubtedly in its earlier forms, before the President brought his powerful political and personal influence to bear on Congress, the measure was one framed in behalf of special interests. Special interests control both the House and the Senate. Some interests have a greater control in one body, some in the other. Only a comparatively small body of statesmen in either branch of Congress are controlled by the consideration of what is demanded by the general interest of the Nation. This is natural, perhaps unavoidable, since the Representative is elected to represent his district and the Senator his State. Neither is elected to represent the Nation, and, with some shining exceptions, neither Representatives nor Senators know much about National desires and National opinion. The President is the only person concerned in this legislation who has been elected by the Nation, and to whom the interests of all sections and States send their complaints and requests. In Congress the Representatives are elected by the people, and are therefore more responsive to the popular will; the Senators, in some cases practically elected by the special interests, are more responsive to those interests than to public opinion. For this reason the power of the special interests, or pocketbook protectionists, is stronger in the Senate than in the House; Republican Senatorial opponents of free hides, suspected of acting on behalf of the so-called Beef Trust, came dangerously near defeating the final bill. Speaking generally, both the original House bill and the original Senate bill were measures to protect and promote special interests. The question between the House and the Senate was not at all, Shall special interests or the public welfare dominate? but, How much protection of special interests will the people stand, and what particular interests shall get particular advantages?

At first Mr. Taft held himself aloof from this conflict of the pocketbook protectionists. It is a very serious matter for a President in the United States or a Prime Minister in England to initiate a fight with his party. President Johnson tried it in the United States on the Reconstruction issue, and Gladstone tried it in England on the Home Rule issue, in both cases disastrously to their political careers. Mr. Taft is an experienced and sagacious statesman; at first quietly and by means of private persuasion, and latterly with open vigor, he insisted that Congress should legislate for the public and not for the private interests. The political leaders of the special interests did not desire a fight with the President; they are probably increasingly aware that a public campaign, such as a veto of the Tariff Bill would inevitably have initiated, would be disastrous to them. On the other hand, the President wished to avoid a veto if possible; a tariff campaign lasting for a year or two would be injurious, perhaps seriously injurious, to the general welfare of the country. When two parties in conflict enter into negotiations, and both desire to compromise, a compromise generally results. It has so resulted in this case. The Payne Law is a compromise; it is not entirely satisfactory to the President. But the country ought to recognize the difficulty of his position, and support him if in the compromise he has succeeded in advancing the general welfare as opposed to a surrender to the forces of special privilege.

That he has so succeeded, and that the bill, in its final form, is by far the most enlightened protectionist measure ever enacted in the history of the country, we believe, for reasons which will be found in the following summary of the main features of the bill:

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Reduction of Duties. There has been a very radical reduction of duties in certain important fields. Duties on coal, oil, lumber, iron and steel, shoes, harness and leather goods, and works of art, among other things, have all been materially reduced. The woolen schedules, it is true, are unchanged, and there is also great dissatisfaction with the cotton schedule. But the iron and steel schedules, which up to this time have formed the special stronghold of the uncompromising protectionists, have been captured by the forces of downward revision. This alone is a great step in advance. The President, who makes no secret of the fact that he is not satisfied with the failure of the new tariff to reduce the woolen duties, regards, it is believed, the successful revision of the tariff on iron products as a precedent for what may and will be done in the near future with regard to woolens. While many schedules in the present bill remain higher than genuine revisionists would like to see them, nevertheless there have been substantial and far-reaching reductions, such as the protectionist leaders of the Republican party have never before been willing to submit to. Whether these reductions are sufficient to affect the prices to the "ultimate consumer" of necessary commodities time only can tell.

Free Trade with the Philippines. For ten years Mr. Taft has been urging the commercial relations with the Philippine Islands which are now established by the new Tariff Act. The Filipinos will regard the new law as the most pronounced and concrete pledge that we could have made of the disinterested desire of the United States to promote their economic welfare. It is true that the free importation of Philippine sugar is limited to 300,000 tons annually. But Mr. Taft himself asked for only 300,000 tons free of duty, believing that to admit a greater amount would encourage exploitation of the Philippines, and the creation of a capitalistic class on the one hand and a submerged proletariat on the other—a social condition which is the source of many of the political disturbances in Cuba. So that this limitation upon the sugar trade of the Filipinos, while it gives them freedom for all their present capacity, is designed to protect the Filipinos as well as the sugar producers of the United States. As to their tobacco industry, the Filipinos may send to the United States 150,000,000 cigars and 300,000 pounds of wrapper tobacco and 1,000,000 pounds of filler tobacco free annually. In addition to the advantage of having even a limited free tobacco market in the United States, this provision will greatly aid the Filipinos in obtaining better prices in other markets to which the bulk of their tobacco naturally goes. In hemp, by far their most important industry, the new law gives them the double advantage of an unlimited free market in the United States and the protection of an increased duty on hemp imported into the United States from other countries.

The Tariff Commission. The new law provides for a Tariff Commission which is likely to exercise a great influence on future Congressional action and public opinion concerning the tariff. The first proposal was to create a permanent Commission with authority to investigate foreign commerce and the duties thereon and report with specific recommendations to Congress. Certain reactionaries, fearing the effect of publicity on special schedules, and under the mistaken impression that they were weakening the power of such a Commission, succeeded in substituting for the creation of a Congressional Commission a provision by which the President may appoint a Board of Experts which is in effect a Commission to investigate for his personal information any or all phases of our foreign commerce and the application thereto of both foreign and American tariff duties. The sum of $75,000 has been appropriated for the President to spend in defraying the expense of such an investigating board. The reactionaries have overreached themselves; such a Presidential Commission is likely to be much more thorough and efficient than a Congressional Commission. Mr. Taft may now create a board of non-partisan experts who will investigate our foreign commerce and the relations to it and the effect upon it of both foreign and American tariffs. The results of this scientific and non-political study may be presented to Congress and to the country in messages and other public documents. Mr. Taft is

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reported on good authority to have said that he would like to compile by the agency of the new Commission "an Encyclopedia of the Tariff which shall be to American commerce what the United States Pharmacopœia is to American medicine." Should this plan be successfully carried out, future tariff debates will be greatly simplified and the likelihood of equitably arranged duties will be greatly increased.

A Customs Court. The new law creates a Customs Court of dignity and authority by which all contested cases in the collection of customs duties will be decided without appeal except on questions of constitutionality. The body of decisions in customs cases in the Federal courts is now in almost hopeless confusion. As Solicitor-General, Mr. Taft had experience with the great difficulty of obtaining in the Federal courts, in the trial of cases of protested duties, consistent decisions based on a homogeneous body of opinion. The present confusion in the cotton schedules is an illustration. Senator Smoot in a recent speech in the Senate exhibited a piece of cotton cloth which by consecutive judicial intrepretations of the Dingley Law paid a duty per square yard, first of 24 cents, then of 18 cents, then of 14 cents, then of 12 cents. That the same cloth under the same tariff bill should pay such varying duties in different years is injurious alike to the importer, the manufacturer, and the consumer. The Customs Court, in connection with the Tariff Commission, will do much to remove such unjust variations.

The Maximum and Minimum Provision. The new law takes effect immediately upon its signature by the President. From that date until the 31st of next March the minimum duties provided will be collected; on March 31 an additional tariff of 25 per cent *ad valorem* will be automatically added to every dutiable article. But after March 31 the President is authorized at *his discretion* to remove by proclamation this additional duty of 25 per cent *ad valorem* on all the imports from any country which he believes is not exercising an *unreasonable* tariff discrimination against the United States. The maximum and minimum feature of the Payne Bill has both merits and defects. Its defects lie in the fact that it is so phrased that the enormous height of a maximum tariff (even though that maximum tariff will be applied in a minority of cases) is concealed from the popular view. This provision, moreover, creates in substance a retaliatory tariff. Instead of saying to foreign countries, "We will keep up our customary tariff wall against you, but if you tear down some of your wall we will tear down some of ours," we now say, "We will build up a bigger wall than ever, but if you are decent we will keep it down to its present height on your side." That is really retaliation under the guise of concession. Nevertheless, this provision is an outward observance of the friendly rather than the unfriendly method of approach, and is therefore a victory for good manners; and it must be added that the plan of reciprocity or concession advocated by Mr. Blaine and President McKinley has never been a practical success owing to the Senate's reluctance to ratify tariff treaties. The chief merit of the maximum and minimum provision is the discretionary power vested in the President, which will be approved by those who, like The Outlook, desire to see greater scope given to the Executive in dealing with foreign nations. It is both surprising and satisfactory to find the Senate willing to yield a little of the treaty-making function which it has somewhat autocratically arrogated to itself.

The Income Tax Provision. Strictly speaking, the provision for a Constitutional amendment permitting a Federal income tax is not a part of the Payne Bill; practically speaking, it is. For while the amendment was authorized by a joint resolution and not by statute, it grew out of the tariff debate in Congress and is an essential part of the tariff legislation. The last income tax law, which was enacted in response to an unmistakable popular demand, was declared by a curiously divided Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. In response to the advice of Mr. Taft, the new tariff law provides for submitting to the individual States the opportunity of amending the Federal Constitution in order that, if the people so desire, an income tax law may be enacted. Irrespective of the question

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whether an income tax is a desirable form of taxation or not, it is wise to have the people determine whether it shall be constitutional or not. The submission of the income tax amendment must meet with the approval of revenue tariff reformers and free-traders.

The Corporation Tax. This is the most radical and in many respects the most important feature of the new tariff law. It is not improbable that it may have a more revolutionary effect, in behalf of the public welfare, upon American commerce and finance than any other statute of recent times. If sustained by the Supreme Court, it will give the National Government an unprecedented power in controlling the trusts. Under its operation every corporation, whether engaged in intra-State or inter-State commerce, must report annually under oath to the Federal Government its total paid-up capital stock outstanding; its total bonded and other indebtedness; its gross income from all sources for the year; its total expenses for the year; its total losses for the year; the total interest paid within the year; taxes paid within the year; and its net income or profits for the year. These statements are to be made a public record available to everybody. Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney-General who drew the corporation tax provision of the Tariff Bill, says of it: "It seems to me that uniform returns of this character from every class of corporations will constitute a body of information which should be available to stockholders and creditors and those dealing with corporations, and which, so far from being an injury to the corporations, should tend to promote confidence in those worthy of confidence, and to prevent fraud by those that are not. I think it will help enormously in improving the estimation in which American securities are held abroad, and it will afford information of some accuracy which will enable the Government—State and Federal—to deal more intelligently with the problem of controlling abuses in corporate management than is now possible with the imperfect and unreliable information at present available."

In this opinion The Outlook heartily concurs. And we repeat that the general character, and particularly the special provisions, of the new Tariff Act, as we have endeavored to indicate in the foregoing summary, entitle it to the approval of the country as an advanced step in the line of economic, political, and social reform.

GOSSIP AND THE NEWSPAPERS

We have received a letter from Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard University, which so clearly and delightfully exposes one of the wretchedest evils of "modern" daily journalism in this country that we are glad to print it here as an expression of our editorial views. Professor Palmer holds the chair of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity at Harvard, and is the author, among other books, of one of the best translations in the English language of Homer's Odyssey. His Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, his wife, is a beautiful piece of intimate personal biography. No one who has read it can for a moment be in doubt as to his views regarding refinement of manners and spirit in the education of women.

To the Editor of The Outlook:

Sir—May I make use of your columns for a personal explanation, and also to set forth certain traits in our press and people which manifest themselves, I believe, in an equal degree in no other country?

The personal facts are these: On June 16 I delivered a Commencement address at a girls' college in Boston, taking for my subject the common objections to the higher education of women, objections generally rather felt than formulated by hesitating mothers. Five were mentioned: the danger to health, to manners, to marriage, to religion, and to companionship with parents in the home. These I described from the parents' point of view, and then pointed out the misconceptions on which I believed them to rest. In speaking of manners, I said that a mother often fears that attention to study may make her daughter awkward, keep her unfamiliar with the general world, and leave her unfit for mixed society. To which I replied that in the rare cases where intellectual interests do for a time overshadow the social, we may well bear in mind the relative difficulties of subse-

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quent repair. A girl who has had only social interests before twenty-one does not usually gain intellectual ones afterwards; while the ways of the world are rapidly acquired by any young woman of brains. To illustrate, I told of a strong student of Radcliffe who had lived much withdrawn during her course there, alarming her uncollegiate parents by her slender interest in social functions. At graduation they pressed her to devote a year to balls and dinners and to mastering what they regarded as the occult art of manners. She came to me for counsel, and I advised her to accede to their wishes. "Flirt hard, M.," said I, "and show that a college girl is equal to whatever is required of her." This was the only allusion to the naughty topic which my speech, an hour in length, contained.

That evening one of the "yellowest" of the Boston papers printed a report of my "Address on Flirtation," and the next day a reporter came from the same paper requesting an interview. The interview I refused, saying that I had given no such address and I wished my name kept altogether out of print. The following Sunday, however, the bubble was fully blown, the paper printing a column of pretended interview, generously adorned with headlines and quotation marks, setting forth in gay colors my "advocacy of flirtation."

And now the dirty bubble began to float. Not being a constant reader of this particular paper, I knew nothing of its mischief until a week had gone by. Then remonstrances began to be sent to me from all parts of the country, denouncing my hoary frivolity. From half the States of the Union they came, and in such numbers that few days of the past month have been free from a morning insult. My mail has been crowded with solemn or derisive editorials, with distressed letters, abusive postal cards, and occasionally the leaflet of some society for the prevention of vice, its significant passages marked. During all this hullabaloo I have been silent. The story was already widespread when my attention was first called to it. It struck me then as merely a gigantic piece of summer silliness, arguing emptiness of the editorial mind. I felt, too, how easily a man makes himself ridiculous in attempting to prove that he is not a fit subject for ridicule, and how in the long run character is its own best vindication. I should accordingly prefer to remain silent still. But the story, like all that touches on questions of sex, has shown a strange persistency. My friends are disquieted. Harvard is defamed. Reports of my depravity have lately been sent to me from English and French papers, and in a recent number of Life I appear in a capital cartoon, my utterance being reckoned as one of the principal incidents of the month. Perhaps, then, it is as well to say that no such incident has occurred, and that now, when all of us have had our laugh, the racket had better cease.

But such persistent pursuit of an unoffending person throws into strong relief four defects in our newspapers, and especially in the attitude of our people toward them. In the first place, the plan of reporting practiced here is a mistaken one, and is adopted, so far as I know, nowhere else on earth. Our papers rarely try to give an ordered outline of an address. They either report *verbatim*, or more usually the reporter is expected to gather a lot of taking phrases, regardless of connection. While these may occasionally amuse, I believe that readers turn less and less to printed reports of addresses. Serious reporting of public speech is coming to an end. It would be well if it ended altogether, so impossible is it already to learn from the newspapers what a man has been saying.

Of the indifference to truth in the lower class of our papers, their vulgarity, intrusions into private life, and eagerness at all hazards to print something startling, I say little, because these characteristics are widely known and deplored. It apparently did not occur to any of my abusers to look up the evidence of my folly. I dare say it was the very unlikelihood of the tale which gave it currency. I was in general known to be a quiet person, with no liking for notoriety, a teacher of one of the gravest of subjects in a dignified university. I had just published a largely circulated biography, presenting an exalted ideal of marriage. It struck the press of the country as a diverting thing to reverse all this in a day, to picture me as favoring loose relations of

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the sexes, and to attribute to me buffoonery from which every decent man recoils.

Again, our people seem growing incapable of taking a joke—or rather of *taking anything else*. The line which parts lightness from reality is becoming blurred. My lively remark has served as the subject for portentous sermonizing, while the earnest appeal made later in my address to look upon marriage seriously, as that which gives life its best meaning, has been either passed by in silence or mentioned as giving additional point to my nonsense. The passion for facetiousness is taking the heart out of our people and killing true merriment. The "funny column" has so long used marriage and its accompaniments as a standing jest that it is becoming difficult to think of it in any other way, and the divorce court appears as merely the natural end of the comedy.

The part of this affair, however, which should give us gravest concern is the lazy credulity of the public. They know the recklessness of journalism as clearly as do I, on whom its dirty water has been poured. Yet readers trust, and journal copies journal, as securely as if the authorities were quite above suspicion. Once started by the sensational press, my enormities were taken up with amazing swiftness by the respectable and religious papers, and by many thousands of their readers. It is this easy trust on the part of the public which perpetuates newspaper mendacity. What inducement has a paper to criticise its statements when it knows they will never be criticised by its readers? Nothing in all this curious business has surprised me more than the ease with which the American people can be hoaxed. One would expect decent persons to put two and two together, and not to let a story gain acceptance from them unless it had some relation to the character of him of whom it was told. I please myself with thinking that if a piece of profanity were reported of President Taft I should think no worse of President Taft, but very badly and loudly of that paper. But perhaps I too am an American. Perhaps I too might rest satisfied with saying, "I saw it in print." Only then I should be unreasonable to complain of bad newspapers.

G. H. PALMER.

Harvard University, July 31.

THE ROBE OF CHARITY

Lord Avebury, who has shown himself delightfully indifferent to the charge of dealing with commonplaces, and has accordingly said many wise and helpful things, puts a pertinent inquiry when he reminds us that nobody gets angry with children, and that we all make allowances for those who are out of health, and asks why this merciful and Christian practice ought not to be extended to others. If they have committed offenses, we know what the offenses are, but we do not know the temptations that have been resisted, nor can we enumerate or understand the evil influences which have surrounded them. Madame de Staël said that to understand everything is to pardon everything. That statement needs qualification, but it puts a vital fact which ought never to be out of mind when we pass judgment upon others. Seneca was of opinion that we should make excuses for children because they are young; for women because they are weak; for rulers because they have to make many decisions and cannot avoid some mistakes; for good men because they mean kindly; for bad ones because they are to be pitied and have a miserable future before them. And Seneca, who was also a wise man and not afraid of being charged with the crime of commonplaceness, touched a fundamental point in this very comprehensive statement.

To be kind in judgment does not involve indifference to moral standards or desertion of ideals. It is not a question of blindness; it is a question of largeness of view. The offensiveness of sin, which rested so heavily on the hearts and minds of our ancestors, is not a whit lessened. Sin is still a horror when it works out its fruits in human life. But there has come a vast difference of feeling toward the sinner, because there has come so much larger and penetrating a knowledge of the influence of heredity, of environment, of conditions of all sorts and kinds. What has happened has not been a desertion of the old standpoint of the righteous man who hated sin, but a recognition of the complexity of the individual problem and the difficulty of doing justice to the individual sinner. We still hate the sin,

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but we no longer hate the sinner. What has happened has been a change of position from the standpoint of the Old to the standpoint of the New Testament. The emphasis of our criticism and judgment ought to rest on our own faults, not on the faults of other people. But few of us have the capacity for self-denial involved in leaving other people's faults alone and dealing firmly and with clear eyes with our own. And yet, as a rule, the faults of others do not harm us. They rather amuse us, or irritate us; while our own faults are constantly inflicting the most serious injuries on us. Rather than give them up, however, as Lord Avebury suggests, we let ourselves be reprimanded, punished, and even despised. We suffer much, risk much, lose much, in order that we may preserve our faults; and while we are doing all this for ourselves and throwing over our offenses a mantle of charity which is simply a robe of illusion, we are putting a mere shred or patch of charity on the offenses and faults of our fellows. If we commit a sin, we think of the strength of the temptations which suddenly confronted us; if another man commits a sin, we think of his culpability. If we are overtaken in a fault, we remind ourselves of all the ameliorating circumstances; if our neighbor is overtaken in a fault, we are shocked by his humiliation and weakness. What we need to do is to abridge greatly the mantle of charity which we use for ourselves, and very much extend that which we throw over others.

THE SPECTATOR

A memory will sometimes illumine a present situation. The Spectator, reading of the revolt of Spanish soldiery against the Moroccan war, sees again a Spanish railway station on a July morning eleven years ago. Ruinous it is, of course, but fragrant with pepper trees, gay with masses of scarlet geranium. The freshness of dawn is yet in the air. The little platform is full of soldiers, conscripts leaving for the distant war. Around them crowd peasants, clinging little children, mothers pale and still, many busy with their beads; old fathers, most demonstrative of all, with tears and kisses; sweethearts, brave in their best, the inevitable rose decking each dark head. Aloof, in the nearest field, a young girl stands under a drooping tree, shading her eyes with her hand as she looks over the low wall—though the level sun is behind her!

The conscripts, the Spectator remembers, are young, generally strong-looking, but rough and uncouth. The few in uniform are quite aware of their own impressiveness. Some have the swagger of new importance. The Spectator realizes that for such as these the camp has dangers as great as those of the battlefield. For evidence of mental strength, of purpose or enthusiasm, he looks in vain. What do they care for Cuba, far away?

But a few weeks earlier, on a rainy morning, in Broadway, he had watched our cavalry dashing in and out among cable cars and drays, quick, resolute, fearless, on their way to the front, and our Troop A, leaving luxury for certain hardship and possible death, yet cheerful and dauntless of heart. Contrasting the two scenes as he watched the leave-takings from his window of the Spanish train, if he did not love his enemies he at least pitied them, men and women, destined to fight or suffer for a cause foredoomed to failure.

Now, after ten years of peace and consequent prosperity, comes in Spain the familiar call to foreign service. The instant revolt is the protest of the accumulated misery of generations. Centuries of warfare; generations of mothers sending forth their sons, not for defense of their country, but to far lands for conquest or continued possession; a home life of seclusion, its interests narrow by ignorance—what wonder that, to Spanish women, Mary Mother of Sorrows is especially dear? "Maria de los Dolores"—how many of her daughters have borne that name! The Spectator is told—though he has been unable to verify the statement—that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, adopted by the Catholic world only a half-century ago, has been for ages the cult of Spain. The power of the Church in the Peninsula is explained by the history of Spain, as in later times it

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largely explains that history. During the seven centuries of struggle against the Moors the priest fought beside his parishioners, bound up their wounds, sustained them in death, comforted their widows, provided for their children, counseled their leaders—commanded, where necessary. In the glory of Spain, therefore, the Church could rightly claim her share. So strongly was its power intrenched that here alone, in all Europe, the Reformation made no impression. That unquestioned power has banished successively whole classes or communities of thinkers or industrious artisans from Spain, has urged conquest for colonization, has bulwarked the absolutism of the throne. Now, in the mad excesses of a mob, desperate at the thought of further warfare, distrustful of government, it is perhaps but natural that the cloisters should be a focus of enmity, their destruction apparently a necessary preliminary to the coming of the Republic. Have they, then, forgotten their Republic of forty years ago? Its excitements alone should keep its memory fresh. During its twenty-three months of turmoil Spain had five sweeping changes of adminstration, including several dictatorships.

The Spectator is surprised to find how little faith is placed in our Spanish news by those in a position to know. The red headlines (is the redness of the headline always an indication of the yellowness of the journal?) arouse their interest as fiction. American residents of Spain have long deplored the ingenuity with which news is here manufactured when the censorship causes dearth in the genuine article. The motto, long since accredited to a perjured witness in a celebrated case, "I'll tell what I know; what I don't I'll invent," seems applicable. Alfonso, we are told, "threw up his hat" at the news of his cousin's marriage. Spaniards do not throw hats. Alfonso was undoubtedly glad, but demonstrations with his headgear would never have occurred to him. Before his marriage a well-known magazine writer prophesied that he would be the last of his line, basing the prophecy on the fact that the tomb of Spanish monarchs has but one unoccupied shelf! Now we learn that Queen Victoria and her children have "fled from San Sebastian." The royal family, when at the summer palace in that beautiful town, is wont to take frequent excursions across the border into France. It is of course possible that the King, a devoted husband and father, may have bethought him of the restless excitability of the Basque mind. From San Sebastian, forty years ago, his grandmother, Isabella, went secretly to Biarritz to beg the intervention of Napoleon the Little against her mutinous army and navy. From San Sebastian, jeered by returning exiles, she and her son departed into the exile from which Spain itself recalled them. The King, indeed, may remember the evening when, the band in the Casino having played the National Anthem and neglected to play that of the Basque Provinces, the populace relieved its feelings by smashing every window in the hotel occupied by a high Government official.

During the period of wordy warfare between the destruction of the Maine and our declaration of war, a family of Americans well known in San Sebastian would often find their house guarded by soldiers when they looked out in the morning. Then they knew that the morning papers held the report of some inflammatory speech delivered in our Congress. When the newsboys had cried their extras, "Guerra! Guerra!" through the listening streets, these people left for Biarritz, not fleeing in personal fear, but realizing that their presence complicated the situation for the courteous Governor of the castle, responsible for their safety both to Washington and Madrid. Victoria's "flight" may have had a like precautionary reason. Nor is there novelty in "the unrest in Catalonia." From the day when the Greek colony there welcomed the Roman invader, while the rest of the Peninsula bore contentedly the Carthaginian rule, whatever may be the form of government, Catalonia, like the Irishman in the story, is "agin it."

The Spectator knows and loves Spain, and, despite existing disorders, believes its condition now more encouraging than at any time for a century.

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SYMPATHY WITH THE ORIENTAL

BY SIR ANDREW H. L. FRASER

FORMERLY LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BENGAL

SYMPATHY with the Oriental is a matter of which we have heard a great deal of late. Since the Prince and Princess of Wales visited India, and his Royal Highness, on his return to London, delivered his message about the necessity for sympathy with the people of India, there has been so much said about it that some are disinclined to hear more. At the same time, it is of the utmost importance that the necessity for sympathy between the rulers and the ruled in India should be recognized. The message delivered by the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall Banquet was received on all hands as distinctly practical. It created a great impression in India. It was well received by Europeans, almost without exception; and it was hailed with delight by intelligent Indians, not only of the Congress party, but also of more conservative views. Indians with a stake in the country and animated by feelings of loyalty to the Government were glad to see such views held and declared by so high an authority; they are the views which have always animated the most distinguished officers of Government in India, and have tended to produce the excellent relations which have hitherto existed between the rulers of India and its peoples.

In his valuable work on "Asia and Europe" Meredith Townsend has a good deal to say about what he calls the mental seclusion of India. He tells us that the European and the Indian "are fenced off from each other by an invisible, impalpable, but impassable wall, as rigid but as inexplicable as that which divides the master from his dog, the worshiping coach dog from the worshiped horse, the friendly spaniel from the acquiescent cat." He goes on to say that this wall is not material, and "is raised mainly by the Indian himself, who, whatever his profession or grade or occupation, deliberately secludes his mind from the European with a jealous, minute, and persistent care, of which probably no man not gifted with an insight like that of Thackeray could succeed in giving even a remote idea." It is a matter of some difficulty to give a satisfactory contradiction to this statement. It is made with much appearance of authority; there is some truth in it; and it is put in a way well fitted to command ready acceptance. I am bound, however, from my long experience in India, to give this statement a most emphatic contradiction. I believe it to be inaccurate and misleading; I believe it also to be distinctly mischievous.

There is an element of truth in the statement I have quoted. There is a sense in which every mind does, or can, seclude itself from every other mind. Meredith Townsend himself says that crystal can touch crystal, but that neither can get rid of that which absolutely prohibits junction; and that is true of all minds. No one can deny that to some extent every mind is secret, and that, as the wise old Hebrew said, the heart knows its own affairs and the stranger does not intermeddle. This is true of Western as well as of Eastern hearts and minds. If one man chooses to keep another at a distance, he can do so. Or if two men are indifferent to one another, and have no desire for intimate acquaintance, it is most natural that they should not know or sympathize with each other. This is undoubtedly true of the East; it is also true of the West. It may, perhaps, be more common, but it certainly is not more natural, in the former than in the latter. I make this statement in the most distinct and emphatic manner as the result of my thirty-seven years' experience of India, where I have known the people in their own homes, and have had many dear and intimate friends among Indian gentlemen.

I understand that Meredith Townsend's experience of India was much shorter than mine, and was mainly confined to the capital and some of the great cities. There is no doubt that people are less accessible to and sympathetic with one another in the great cities than in the country. Intimate friendships are rarer. People have less dependence on one another, and have

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acquired the habit of keeping their neighbors at a distance. Their affairs are often too engrossing and their interests too selfish to permit of their frequently forming friendships with each other. I have had five years' experience of Calcutta, after long experience in other parts of India; and I fully admit that the relations between Europeans and Indians there are much less frank and cordial than they are elsewhere. I may add that it seems to me equally true that the relations between official and non-official Europeans and between the different classes of the community are less cordial in Calcutta than in any part of India with which I am acquainted. One must make some allowance for this in dealing with Meredith Townsend's statement and in estimating its real weight and value.

My experience leads me to an altogether different conclusion from his. My experience is longer and more varied than his. My conclusion also has two advantages over his: It is more reasonable, and it is of a positive nature, while his is negative. Mine is more reasonable, inasmuch as it recognizes and is consistent with the common humanity of the Eastern and Western. The relations between the two are not comparable, as Meredith Townsend asserts, to those existing between the master and the dog, the coach dog and the horse, or the spaniel and the cat. They are the relations between man and man. Both the Eastern and the Western are human. This is only to say that what they have in common is far more than that in which they differ. This statement cannot be denied. If it be admitted, however, it becomes unreasonable to assert the impossibility of touch and sympathy between the Eastern and Western mind or heart. It is this feature of Meredith Townsend's statement that makes it so mischievous. It involves the practical denial of our common humanity to the Oriental races. It is a matter of deep regret to me that a book which contains so much valuable matter as "Asia and Europe" should also contain teaching so injurious to the European whose life-work has to be done in India.

My conclusion, based on experience, has also this other advantage over Meredith Townsend's, that it is a positive conclusion; his is negative. He asserts that, so far as he knows, the native of India secludes his mind and cannot be known; whereas I have had many friends among Indian gentlemen, whose association with me has been as frank and intimate as that of my Western friends, and whose claims on my friendship and regard have been as real, and to a large extent of the same character, as those connected with Western friendships. I recall, for example, my friend the late Khan Bahadur Aulad Hussain, C.I.E. He was older than I by many years; and when I first landed in India I was stationed in the same district as he, and learned much of my work from him. We became very intimate. I got into touch with his deep religious principles; he was a devout and self-denying Mohammedan. We discussed fully the principles that should regulate work in India; and I learned from him to care for the people and to seek to know and understand them. I knew the members of his family well; and I often discussed with him his private affairs. He gave me his advice freely; and he often asked for mine. We were intimate friends and comrades until he died. Since then his family have come to me freely as to their father's friend.

Different in some respects has been my friendship with Sir Bipin Krishna Bose, the Government Advocate of the Central Provinces. Sir Bipin and I became known to one another over thirty years ago, when we were both young men in Nagpur. We became fast friends, as two Europeans might have done. He was a practicing lawyer, and I a Government officer. We had little work in common, but we had common tastes. We were first drawn together over the consideration of Mill's "Utilitarianism" in a literary society. After that we did a good deal of study and of social work together; and gradually we became close friends. I cannot describe my feelings for him, or what I believe to have been his feelings for me, or our relations to one another, in any other language than that used in describing friendships in the West. I am unaware of any difference in kind between my friendship with Sir Bipin Krishna Bose and my friendship with one of my own countrymen. We have known each oth-

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er's private concerns and secret thoughts; and we have trusted each other fully. We are still friends, though we are now far separated and can no longer enjoy the perfectly confidential talks we used to have about matters public or private which concerned us.

A third instance may be recalled. A quarter of a century ago a distinguished Indian died. He had been my friend for about ten years. He was an orthodox Hindu. Yet he asked me to see him as he lay dying, and called his two sons before me and solemnly committed them to me, asking me to be their friend as I had been his. He was over ten years older than I: they were over ten years younger. His friendship with me had been most cordial and indeed affectionate. Their friendship for me has been of the same character. For years we were neighbors; and our relations were most intimate. Since I was transferred to Bengal I have seen less of them. But our friendship is unchanged. When we were parting finally six months ago, one of them reminded me of the solemn scene to which I have referred, and spoke warmly of the true friendship which we had had for each other ever since. He said that he had had no secret from me any more than he would have had from his father; and I believed him.

These cases from my own experience have been mentioned, not because they are exceptional cases in which friendships have been formed between a European and certain Indians, but because they are typical of such friendships. The gentlemen mentioned are an "up-country" Mohammedan, a Bengali, and a Maratha. They are representative of three very different types of Indians. Yet my relations with every one of them have been altogether different from those indicated by Meredith Townsend; they have been the relations of friend with friend. They exemplify the intimacy and sympathy that may characterize friendships between the Western and the Oriental. As to the devotion of such friendships, it would be hard to find anywhere in the whole world more devoted friendship than that which was shown to me a few months ago by the young Maharaja of Burdwan, when he suddenly placed himself between me and the revolver of the would-be assassin, willing to give his life to save mine. Such are instances of friendships with Indians which I have been privileged to have as part of my life's experience—friendships as frank, sympathetic, and devoted as any in the West and as highly prized.

Such friends as these form a very effective connecting link between the rulers and the ruled in India. When an officer is able to make such friends and has proved them, he has secured counselors for the discussion of Indian affairs whom he can trust and whose help is invaluable to him. He cannot, however, trust to these friendships alone; they are not enough. He must go out among the people himself and know them in their own homes and at their own business. This is a matter on which local governments in India have always laid great stress, some more than others. The Government of India has always recognized the importance of such intimacy with the people; and the local governments have always more or less systematically and determinedly enforced it on their officers. They have never acknowledged any impassable wall between their officers and the Indian peoples; they have, on the contrary, taught their officers the possibility and the necessity of intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the people and of their circumstances and sentiments.

Young officers have been urged and encouraged to acquire a useful knowledge of the vernaculars of their part of India, to devote study and attention to the manners and customs of the people, to travel about their districts and visit the people in their own villages and among their own fields and daily occupations, to sit on District and Municipal Boards with Indian gentlemen and learn to transact business with them, and in every way to be accessible to the people. The best officers have taken the greatest pains in training young officers in this manner; and the relations between the officers of Government and the people have been best in those provinces—or in those districts of the same province—in which most attention has been paid to such training. In most provinces the relations which the Government, as the great proprietor of the land, occupies to the agricultural community

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has rendered this intimate acquaintance with the people both easier and more necessary. In India it is the general rule that the State owns the land. It is clear that this makes it essential that the officers of Government should know fully the agricultural conditions and should be constantly in touch with and traveling about among the people. Nothing is more interesting than such work. Nothing conduces more to give an officer an influence for good. Nothing tends to better relations with the people. Whatever advantages there may be in the "Permanent Settlement," which converted the Bengal rent-collectors into proprietors, it has undoubtedly had this serious disadvantage, that it has tended to keep the officers of Government more out of touch with the people and less acquainted with them and their concerns than in other provinces.

The "personal equation" is of great importance in the East. It is this that makes it so important to cultivate frank and friendly relations with the people. It is this that makes it so mischievous to teach that the Indians are other than men of like passions with ourselves. Let an officer know the people otherwise than through the police or civil courts or through mean and temporary domestic servants; let him know them in their own homes and in their gentle, patient lives; and he will learn to love them. When he has learned to love them, he will have learned to influence and to lead them. Indians may indeed be governed by fear; and sternness is often necessary. But Indians will never be permanently influenced for good by mere force and authority. They must be won; and they are worth the winning. If the Western nations are not in the East to elevate their peoples, they had better not be there at all. It is impossible for us, in view of the principles of Christian civilization, to defend the governing of Eastern peoples by Western officers unless the latter have a real elevating and civilizing work to do. This requires knowledge of the people and sympathy with them. This sympathetic knowledge of Eastern and especially of subject peoples is therefore not desirable only but also necessary. And I believe that experience has proved it possible.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE HAND

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might — Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

IN visiting colleges I find hundreds of young men on the threshold of life perplexed by the problem What to do. There appear to be already enough lawyers, doctors, ministers, manufacturers, merchants. Where shall the thousands of young men who graduate this summer find a place? They forget that these thousands of college graduates create a demand as well as a supply. The doctor will want a lawyer to collect his bills, and the lawyer a doctor to visit him when sick; and both a manufacturer to make cloth and a merchant to sell them clothing. Every new man creates a new demand as well as brings a new supply. There is plenty of work to be done; enough, if society were rightly organized, to give work to all who are willing to do whatever their hands find to do, whatever it is and wherever it is found.

The problem of the unemployed is really four problems; for there are four classes of unemployed. There are some who do not wish to work. They believe that the world owes them a living; and the world thinks it owes them nothing. Of these, some are rich and some poor; but, rich or poor, they constitute the lazy unemployed and are the world's paupers. There are others who do not wish to work, but think they do. They begin well, but

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never finish. They come to a difficulty, and it halts them; they find the load heavy, and they balk. They go from one unfinished job to another, and never finish anything. Their life is full of undertakings and barren of achievements. They do not mean to be idle, but they are hopelessly inefficient. The third class are willing to work, but are incompetent. The incompetence may be physical or intellectual or moral; they may have flabby muscles, inert minds, or feeble, vacillating wills. But some infirmity forbids effectiveness. Finally are the men able to work and willing to work who can find no work to do. The remedy for the first class is a workhouse; for the second class is hunger; for the third class is charity; for the fourth class is a better industrial system.

That there are able workers and willing workers who cannot find work is not to be doubted. They are not all muscular laborers. There are competent lawyers without clients, competent physicians without patients, competent ministers without parishes. Enforced idleness is one of the tragedies of life. But in America, in most communities and in most times, he who is willing to do with his might whatever his hand finds to do can generally find some opportunity for his activity. The secret of success in life—such success as our faculties fit us for—is found in the two clauses of this ancient counsel: First, a willingness to take hold of any work which the hands find to do; and, second, the employment of all one's energies in doing it to the very best of one's ability.

My first advice to any man out of a place is to take the first place that offers. There are as many exceptions to this rule as there are to most rules in the Greek grammar; and at school I used to think there were more exceptions to a rule than illustrations of it. But the rule is more or less a safe general one. No employment is ignoble which renders a real service to the community. If you cannot be a landscape architect and design a garden, perhaps you can be a day laborer and dig a ditch. If you cannot get a town or city parish with a comfortable salary, you can preach in a school-house and eke out your living by farming. If you cannot find patients in the city, there is some country district that is in need of a good doctor. The place that you want may not want you, but there is some place that does. The work that you would like to do some one else may be doing; but there is some needed work waiting for a worker. The successful men in America did not begin by doing what they wanted to do; they began by doing what their hands found to do. Doubtless one may side-track himself by getting a place where there is no chance for promotion; but he is more likely to be side-tracked by getting no place at all. It is generally easier to get from any post to a better post than to get from no post at all to any post. Men who want helpers look, to find what they want, among the busy men, not among the idlers.

But I want to lay especial stress on the second clause of the text—"Do it with thy might." Put the whole of your energy into what you are doing. The ambition to do the best possible work is always a noble ambition; the ambition to get the best possible pay is always an ignoble ambition. A customary phrase to describe one who is incompetent is, "He is not all there." He who would do his work well must be "all there." He who bestows upon his job as much time and as much energy as he thinks he will be paid for will not succeed. He who bestows upon his job as much time and as much energy as can be used advantageously in doing it well cannot fail. In a great factory no power is allowed to lie idle and no time is allowed to go to waste. One cause, I am persuaded, for the frequent home wrecks in America is that the woman does not think that the business of home-building calls for the exercise of all her talents; so the work which she has undertaken she leaves to be carried on by uninspired and unwatched underlings, and goes herself outside to find something to do which she thinks worth while. She does not do with her might what her hands find to do under her own roof.

"Genius," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is nothing but the intense direction of the mind to some intellectual object." I doubt the accuracy of the definition; but certainly no genius has ever accomplished much in the world without such concentration. If concentration does not alone

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make the genius, the absence of concentration does make the "scatterbrain." "The art of war," said Napoleon, "is the art of being stronger than the enemy at a given point." This is concentration, and this is the art of life. Charles Dickens emphasizes this truth in the explanation of his own success which he puts into the mouth of David Copperfield: "My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of the stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put my hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules."

Most of us have some work to do which we enjoy, that it is easy for us to do with enthusiasm. All of us have some work to do which we do not enjoy. To do that work with enthusiasm is not so easy. But the secret of success lies in our doing with our might whatsoever our hands find to do—the disagreeable not less than the agreeable. It is thus we redeem our tasks and banish drudgery from our life. For drudgery is toil done without interest. It is possible to put interest into all our toil; not because the work is interesting, but because it is always interesting to do well what is worth doing. This is to conquer the obstacles in ourselves—and those are the obstacles most worth conquering. Every man is his own most dangerous enemy. Victory over himself is therefore the greatest of victories.

In my pastoral work I have found church members divided into four classes: First were those who had no idea of Christian work, to whom religion was only a luxury, or at best a comfort, and who thought of themselves as completely fulfilling all church obligations if they attended church on pleasant Sundays and paid their pew rents. Second, those to whom the church ministered, but who did not minister to the church because other duties demanded all their time and strength. They were entirely right in not doing any church work. For church work and Christian work are not synonymous; and to them the church was not an opportunity for service, but an inspiration to service done elsewhere. Third were those who, driven by their consciences, or coaxed by their companions, were enrolled among the church workers, but never gave themselves to their work. They were appointed on committees, but rarely attended; belonged to the church societies, but were non-attending members; taught in the Sunday-school, but never studied the lessons which they taught. They always served with reluctance, and early resigned because they had "done their share." Lastly were those who undertook some specific piece of work and did it with their might. Neither guests nor rain kept them from their self-selected tasks. These are they who give the church its real strength. A half-hearted and reluctant worker in the church is only one degree better than none—yes! often worse—a hindrance, not merely not a help. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin has given a new interpretation to the direction: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Why not? Because the left hand should be so busy doing its own work that it has no time to be watching its fellow.

The law of the hand is that it should do with its might whatsoever it finds to do, wherever that work is found.

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THE ISLAND PALACE

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS

PERHAPS it might be better to call this "The Noble Prisoner," since it is with her chiefly that the story will deal, but after all her fate depends on the power of the man who dwells in the old palace, given him by the Czar, which rears its white walls among the willows of a low-lying island in the Neva.

It is not so many moons since two of the editors of The Outlook and Samuel J. Barrows carried a petition to the Russian Ambassador in Washington in behalf of Nicolas Tchaikovsky. This petition was forwarded to Mr. Stolypin, the Minister of the Interior, at St. Petersburg. He consented to allow Mr. Tchaikovsky, who had been eleven months in prison awaiting trial, to be released on bail, but he set the bail so high that he thought his prisoner was secure in his lonely cell. Mr. Stolypin did not know that he had to reckon with the wife and daughters of that other noble prisoner. By almost superhuman efforts they raised the 50,000 rubles ($25,000), a few American and French friends aiding. By a curious arrangement, the entire amount had to be invested in Russian securities which pay five per cent interest, so the people who contributed the bail are drawing a small income as the result of their benevolence. It really would be amusing could one forget the tragedy of it all.

Mr. Tchaikovsky one day was ordered by his guard to put on his overcoat and follow him. Whither? He did not know, and the guard could not tell. It might have been to death, to Siberia, to any fate, judging by what goes on every day in that land. It was really to freedom till the day of trial, but not a word of it had he known in advance, nor that wife and daughters were moving heaven and earth to free him. No syllable had been allowed to reach him of even the possibility of such a boon. He is still free, still untried, but compelled to live in St. Petersburg under the constant eye of the police.

Many a one in the United States who had seen and heard Madame Breshkovsky, and learned to love and honor her, asked, Why cannot she too be set free till she is tried? For it is now two years since she was thrown into the fortress, and as yet no charges have been preferred against her. Letters failed to bring any information as to the possibility of the attempt. Would any one venture the long journey to find out? Yes, there was one who loved her well; she would go; and so the writer set out for the Island Palace.

David had a sling and five smooth stones to meet his giant. I had no weapon, no stones, nothing but smooth words. A simple petition setting forth the fact that the undersigned would count it an act of friendliness on the part of Russia if she could deal leniently with the woman they honored—now aged and frail—signed by about three hundred well-known citizens of Boston, New York, and Chicago—lawyers, judges, editors, doctors, business men, and *bankers* (bankers! take heed, Russia!), was my chief reliance. Along with that were letters to myself from the editors of five of the chief papers of New York City stating their personal interest in Madame Breshkovsky quite apart from any political questions.

It is a far cry from New York to St. Petersburg—five thousand miles as the crow flies, and farther yet by Russian trains. But what of that? Then Russian ways are slow. One cannot hurry a Minister of State. One must prepare for a long siege. Yes, but not so long as the poor prisoner in the fortress. It was lonely—ye gods! how lonely!—sitting waiting, waiting, in the dreary hotel. But what was that compared to the loneliness in the fortress, where, against the strip of sky, the only object to be seen by the poor prisoner was a small tower behind which a branch of a tree was just donning its spring garb, for spring comes late in Russia in more than one sense?

Through the good offices of those on whom I had a right to call, Mr. Stolypin had been asked to receive me, and one

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day a messenger with royal garb left an official document at the hotel for "Madame Barrows," appointing day and hour when I might wait upon him.

When Mr. Tchaikovsky was last in America, he became deeply interested in dry farming, and while in prison he embodied all that he had learned about it in a book of about one hundred and twenty-five pages, which had just appeared from the Moscow press. I took a copy in the big inside pocket of my cloak, along with my petition, my letters, and my never-to-be-laid-aside passport.

It is a long drive, past the Admiralty buildings, the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, over the magnificent bridge that spans the Neva, skirting the dreary fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the dear prisoner, all unconscious that a friend is near, sits by the iron table on her iron cot. Then miles more through gardens and by lonely ways, over another bridge, and on to the island itself.

I went alone. My driver and horse had been carefully chosen by the hotel people, and they carried me in safety, in spite of an automobile which came "within one" of upsetting us. Three sets of sentinels were subdued one after the other by the order from Mr. Stolypin which I held. My excellent horse seemed to scent the battle, and whinnied with delight as we swung up the circular driveway to the palace door.

My cloak was stripped off and hung in the reception hall, and a series of gendarmes passed me from hand to hand till I was seated in the long room with twelve windows and almost as many mirrors, in front of which men in gay uniforms were walking up and down waiting their turn. No one showed surprise at seeing a little old lady among them.

On the stroke of two the secretary appeared and the door was opened into the great man's room—a big room, full of books and maps, with a central table at which he sat, and a smaller one at one end with a comfortable chair behind it. To that he motioned me, after cordially shaking hands. I had never seen a table placed before one asking an interview, but if I were Prime Minister I would always have one. It was so easy to spread out my documents upon it, and to hand them to him one by one.

The interview was brief, and ran in some such wise as this:

The Petitioner. Sir, by a strange coincidence it was my husband who read to the Russian Ambassador the petition in behalf of Mr. Tchaikovsky, which you were good enough to grant. Permit me to thank you and to offer to you the first-fruits of your clemency! [And I laid before him the little book on Dry Farming.] But for the freedom granted to Mr. Tchaikovsky your people could not have had this useful work, which is of interest to us also, as it is an American method adapted to Russian needs.

He thanked me and ran the pages through his fingers—long and thin and expressive. After giving him time to glance at it—

The Petitioner. As my husband, the man, pleaded for the man, so I, the woman, come to plead for the woman. May I lay before you a petition signed by many of our best people, editors and *bankers* among them, in behalf of Madame Breshkovsky?

The Minister. That is a much more difficult question, *much* more.

The Petitioner. It had not seemed so to us in America—a woman, aged, infirm! That does not strike us as dangerous to a great country.

The Minister [with some heat]. She is a fanatical old woman. Why, don't you know that they call her "the grandmother of the Revolution"?

The Petitioner. I know that they call her "Babushka," "granny," because she is old and they love her. [I did not add that, to my joyous pride, I found the servants at the hotel called *me* "Babushka" from sheer friendliness.]

The Minister. She is a dangerous woman! She advocates fire and sword and bomb.

The Petitioner. What she advocates when she speaks Russian I do not know, but when she speaks French and English she advocates none of those things; at least *I* have never heard her.

The Minister. You know her personally, then?

The Petitioner. Ah, yes, and love her! Otherwise I should not travel ten thousand miles for her dear sake. It is simply one old woman pleading for another. I assure

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you, so far from advocating bombs, she only asks for such things as seem to us every land should have. More than that, no other Russian has ever made us feel how great are the problems with which your country has to deal. No other has so shown to us the life of your peasants and so impressed us with the vast possibilities of that great race. She revealed Russia to thousands who had known little of Russia before. She inspired us with her own belief in the great future of Russia. She led Americans to hope for as wide an opportunity for humanity there as for us at home; and we Americans are looking to you, sir, to help to bring that time about.

Then he began to say again that she had led the people of her own land astray, and would do it again, for she was clever and astute. I ventured to say that it was not my purpose to refer in any way to Russian politics. I did not come as a politician, but to plead for my friend. Then I gave him the letters from the editors to put with my credentials and the petition.

I rose. Throughout he was the courteous, cultured gentleman. He shook hands again, and I was bowing myself out —we had been alone the entire time— when once more he stretched out his hand, saying, "Madam, neither do *we* like to have an aged and infirm woman in prison, but it is a great *responsibility* to set her free."

"Sir," I answered, "the responsibility is yours. I can but present you our petition and beg you to assume that responsibility." And this time I really went, and ran the gauntlet of waiting officers, gendarmes, servants, messengers, dropping a ruble into this and that waiting palm, and so back to the city, past the grim fortress where, still unconscious, as she must ever be unless set free, Catherine Breshkovsky was sitting on her iron cot beside her iron table.

"At least give me permission to see her!" I had begged, biting my lips to keep the tears back as I thought of the brave woman in her solitude.

"That is beyond my power. You must ask the Minister of Justice."

I did apply to the Minister of Justice, and waited two days for an answer which did not come. As every one said it would have been in the negative, I left. On reaching Paris I met the Chief of the Prison Administration of Russia, who said to me, "The Minister of Justice told me he sent a letter to your hotel, but you had gone!" What was in that letter I shall never know. If it were permission to see Babushka, I would go back to Russia to-morrow. Nothing else would ever take me there again.

And the result? There were certain things to be learned. First, who could ask that she might be released on bail? That I learned: only a blood relation. When she was first arrested, they took her from her two-years-old baby, and she never saw him again till he was a young man of twenty-five. He had grown up without knowledge of her existence, and, of course, had no sympathy with her. During the past two years he has taken no steps toward her release. I reasoned with my friends. I insisted that he should be *compelled* to take an interest. A lawyer hunted him up. At first he was indifferent and inclined to be frivolous. Then he consented to go and ask the authorities about the matter, perhaps a little ashamed that an old lady from America should come so far while he did nothing. The lawyer prepared a petition for him, which the young man signed, and it is also now before Mr. Stolypin. What will he do with it? Will he consent to release her on bail? For what bail? How shall it be raised? These are questions which wait an answer, while the noble martyr who has already suffered four years of solitary confinement and twenty-one years of terrible exile is slowly fading away behind her prison walls.

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CARIBBEAN SKETCHES

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

SECOND PAPER

THE MISGOVERNED ISLAND

IT was still night when we sighted Martinique. The black shaft of Mont Pelée pushed up through the semi-darkness to what seemed a ghastly height. The top spur was lost in the clouds. But as the dawn came up out of the sea the air cleared and the sinister peak stood out clear cut and cruel. The sides of the mountain are a dark, angry red, scarred by innumerable black ravines. It is rendered more appalling by the contrast of its barren flanks with the luxurious vegetation below. The towering cone would be a fearsome thing to see even to one who did not know its murderous history.

About the skirts of the island runs a golden-green fringe of cane-brakes; above are heavy forests of tamarind, mango, and cabinet woods—the darkest shades of green; below are the red rocks and the sea. The shores rise sheer from the deep water, and we passed in close enough to see the white-clad natives at work in the fields. The plantations run high up the slopes to the "Great Woods," and, like French agriculture everywhere, show minute care and a high degree of culture. A farm road circles the island, dotted here and there with white-walled homesteads, half hidden in luxuriant gardens. Sleepy, nodding cocoa palms are grouped about most of the houses, and in every garden are the "flambeau" trees—red and brilliant as a Kentucky cardinal.

We passed within sight of the gray blotch of ruins which was once St. Pierre. It is scarcely seven years since Mont Pelée exploded and blotted out this gay city, this Paris of the West, but stories which are told about it are already becoming legendary. If, for instance, you grumble at the lack of good hotels in the West Indies, some one is sure to say: "Ah! you should have seen St. Pierre; there were no better hotels in Europe—and the cafés! Why, the Rue Victor Hugo looked like the Boulevard des Italiens." Or, if you find life in the islands dull, you are straightway assured that St. Pierre was gayety itself. There was a theater at St. Pierre. There was a promenade in the botanical gardens, where a band played every afternoon, where ravishing creole beauties smiled at you. The legend is explicit in this matter. The beauties of St. Pierre smiled at all strangers. There is not an old-timer in the islands who was not a hero in a St. Pierre romance. And on the 8th of May, 1902, a little after early mass, Mont Pelée with its torrent of fire wiped out St. Pierre and its gayety, and all but one of its thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Nothing is left but the dreariest of dreary ruins.

Farther down the coast is Fort de France. It does not pretend to be what St. Pierre was, but still it is a fascinating city. The harbor, which is unusually good, is made picturesque by an old fort which is gray with history. The English captured it in 1762, again in 1781, 1794, and 1809. After Waterloo the island was restored to France, and it is thoroughly French. It was hot, but the heat was soon forgotten in the joy of being again on French soil. The mansard roofs, the iron balconies, the brass bowls before the shops of the hair-dressers, the *pâtisseries*, the gendarmes—everything recalled the cities of France. There are two department stores called "Au bon marché." A provincial French town without two such stores would be as incomplete as an Uncle Tom's Cabin road company without two Topsies.

But of more brilliant color and varied interest than the stores are the open markets. In the early morning they are crowded with natives, sellers of fruit and vegetables, crude pottery, and general merchandise. There is an incessant din of bargaining in the queer French *patois*—of which I could not catch one word in ten.

The crossing of races has gone to the extreme in Martinique. I had never

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before realized how many different shades there are of black. Of the 180,000 inhabitants very few are pure black, and fewer are pure white. The overwhelming majority are of various degrees of mixed blood. But they are a comely race—in striking contrast with the natives of the northern islands. The women are lithe and well formed, many of them fit models for sculpture. Their dresses are a riot of color. The length of their skirts is a mark of their station in life. A well-to-do creole will have hers made three feet too long in front, with a train of five or six feet behind. They wear a sort of belt below the hips and tuck up their skirts, by this means, to whatever height their occupation demands. In their anxiety to protect them from the dirt of the streets it is evident that their skirts are worn solely as a decoration, and not at all from a sense of modesty. It is a striking example of Professor Vehlin's "Theory of Conspicuous Waste." Another thing which attracted my attention was that, while most of the women were barefoot, some wore a slipper on one foot, invariably the left foot. I asked a policeman why this was. He looked at me with condescending pity at my ignorance.

"Is it not Holy Week?" he asked.

Perhaps to one more familiar than I with the rites of the Church in the tropics this may be an explanation, but to me it only deepened the mystery.

The turbans of the women are quite wonderful affairs, and the bandanna about their necks completes a close harmony of color which makes a parrakeet look like an amateur.

The custom of carrying everything on their heads has given the people a strange stride, in which the knee joint is unused. This custom—if continued indefinitely—will surely result in the atrophying of their arms. It is no exaggeration to say they carry everything on their heads. I saw one woman with a baby buggy balanced on her turban. I was not near enough to see if there was a baby in it. But the greatest marvel was a big buck negro, with perfectly good arms. He was strolling down the street with a soiled and dilapidated brickbat on his head. I stopped him, and asked why he carried with so much care so worthless a piece of rubbish. He took off the brickbat and showed me a letter he was carrying, and explained that he had to put on some weight to keep the wind from blowing it away.

After the monotony of the ship's fare a chance at French cooking was not to be missed. At the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe I found a chef with the true artistic instinct. He came up, dusted all over with flour, from his oven, where he was concocting a *pâté*. Delighted at the idea of an appreciative patron, he sat down with me in the café and sketched out a *déjeuner*. He was from the Faubourg St. Antoine, and it was delightful to hear the twang of a true Parisian accent after the slovenly *patois* of the natives. The lunch was ready at noon, and he had done himself proud. There was a fragrant melon, the *pâté* of calf brains at which I had found him working, chicken *en casserole*, a salad, and dessert. The only false note was the coffee. It was native. There are people who claim that West Indian coffee is superior to all others. But it must be an acquired taste.

Later in the day I presented a letter of introduction to the agent of an American business house. He came from the north of Maine, of French-Canadian ancestry, and was as out of place in the tropics as a snowball would be. And the fever was melting him away as fast as if he had been one. His hatred of the place was pathetic. He took me over his house, pointing out all the villainies of life in Fort de France.

"Look!" he said, with the eloquent gestures he had inherited from his forebears. "Look! look at this room! They called it a kitchen! And that—that is supposed to be a stove. And here, look at this—it is supposed to be a bath-tub! Not for horses—for us! Every time my wife takes a bath in it she cries!"

He was perfectly speechless, he told me volubly, over the lack of sanitary conveniences. He was a grotesque old Northerner in his crisp white ducks, and it was hard not to laugh. But the tropics will kill him if he is not recalled.

The show-place of Fort de France is the "Savane," the great open square, where, surrounded by a circle of magnificent

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royal palms, is the marble statue of Josephine. I did not view it at close quarters, for it was raised by Napoleon III, and the official sculpture of the Second Empire could never tempt me to walk a hundred yards in a broiling sun. But seen from the shaded café of the Hôtel de l'Europe, it is exquisite in its setting. Pure white, under the gigantic palms, it is outlined against a heavy green background of mango trees. Off to the right, past the moss-grown old fort, you can see a clump of cocoa palms on the other side of the bay. It is the plantation of La Pagerie, where the Empress was born. Some ruins of the old house where she passed the first fifteen years of her life still stand.

My memories of Martinique center about a woman whose life has been almost as eventful as that of the sad Empress. I saw her first in the early morning. When our ship cast anchor, we were surrounded, as usual, by a swarm of little boats. They had to keep back a few hundred feet until the Harbor Master had come aboard and lowered our yellow flag. Watching them, I noticed another boat a hundred yards beyond this circle. It was manned by two sturdy blacks, and in the stern-sheets sat a woman in a heavy widow's veil. The moment our quarantine flag dropped she gave an order to her men and they rowed rapidly alongside. She did not wait for her meager trunk to be hoisted over the side, but disappeared immediately in her stateroom.

I found the affair quite mysterious; for our boat was to stay twelve hours in port, and people are not generally in such a hurry to come aboard. And even more unusual was the lack of any one to see her off; for in this neighborly climate there is generally quite a formidable mob of friends on the dock, and leave-takings are loud and voluminous.

But the interest of things ashore drove the thought of this solitary woman from my mind until, back in the ship at dinner, I found her seated beside me. She had thrown the heavy veil back over her shoulder. Her profile was of the purest French type; long, drooping eyelashes held a suggestion of creole blood, but it must have been a very slight mixture and many generations back. She knew no English, so I became acquainted with her, helping her decipher the bill of fare. She accepted my aid with gracious reserve. Her long, delicate hands, the gentle refinement of her manners, spoke of race and good breeding.

We were scheduled to sail at eight, but for some reason we were delayed. And after dinner, as I was pacing the deck, she came to me and asked—with a vain effort to hide her anxiety—if I knew how soon we would leave. The farewell whistle had blown a few minutes before, and I told her we were going at once. But this did not reassure her, and I had to go forward to get definite word from the captain. Before I could rejoin her, the anchor was up and we were swinging out of the harbor. I found her settling herself comfortably in a steamer chair. The look of worry had given place to one of exceeding good cheer.

"May I trouble you once more, Monsieur?" she said. "Have you a match?"

I had, and I asked permission to draw up my chair and smoke with her. Her face was animated, and she seemed to welcome a chance to talk. There were a great many questions about America—a strange country to her—and then about myself. When I told her that I was a writer, her face, which was ever a mirror of her thoughts, clouded ominously.

"Madame does not like journalists?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I do," and she laughed merrily. "My husband is an editor."

Her use of the present tense surprised me, as I had thought her a widow. After this beginning, she told me much of her own story. When she was eight years old, her father, who had been one of the richest ship-owners in St. Pierre, lost his life in a hurricane only a quarter of a mile from the port. Thrice she had had the roof blown off her by the hurricanes. After her father's death she had been sent to a convent in Paris for her education. At fifteen she had returned to the reckless city of St. Pierre. It had been a gay time of balls and picnics and much courting. Before seventeen she had married a professor in the high school.

"My mother did not approve," she said, "but it was a true marriage of the heart."

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And then her husband had "fallen in love with politics"—such was her expression. And politics in the French islands is a sad thing.

The negroes have developed no ability for good government. It is more than a century since Toussaint l'Ouverture drove the whites away from the neighboring island of Hayti. Since then the Black Republic has had external peace. But its internal history has been one long record of bloodshed and tyranny. And there is probably no place in the Western Hemisphere marked with such utter degradation. The French have kept a certain control over their two other islands—Guadeloupe and Martinique. But it has not been an efficient control, and while the French negroes have not become so debased as in Hayti, they are in pretty sore straits. "The Rights of Man" are in full swing in these colonies; adult men vote, irrespective of color. As the whites are vastly outnumbered, nearly all the officials, except the Governor and the gendarmes, who are sent out from France, are black. The islands, which are unusually blessed by nature, and were formerly exceedingly prosperous, are dying of the dry-rot of political corruption. The French Chamber is now investigating the affairs of Guadeloupe. The scandal which started with the negro deputy has involved almost all the officials, notably the judiciary.

Things were just as bad in Martinique. My acquaintance's husband had tried to bring reform by founding a new party—a coalition of the whites and the more responsible blacks—against the corrupt gang of mulattoes led by the Deputy Sevère. Her husband left his school work and founded a paper—with her money, I judged.

By chance they were visiting his family at Fort de France at the time of the eruption of Mont Pelée. But every one of her relatives perished at St. Pierre. He pushed on his political work with success, and two years ago, in the campaign for the Conseil Général, the new party elected all but two of the Councilors. Last May the time came for the election of the municipal officers of Fort de France. The coalition nominated a negro named Labat for Mayor. The old Mayor, Antoine Siger, was nominated by the mulatto gang to succeed himself. Feeling ran high, but the defeat of the grafters seemed certain. At the last moment the old Mayor appointed the boss, Sevère, President of the Election Board. It was as though some Tammany mayor had chosen Tweed to count the ballots. Labat, with several supporters, went to the Hôtel de Ville to try to arrange for a more trustworthy Election Board. A number of shots were fired, and Siger, who stood close beside Labat, was killed.

"The shots were meant for Labat," she said. "It was the old gang who fired. Why should we have killed Siger? We were sure of winning the election. But the administration was all against us; the Advocate-General, all the judges, owed their positions to Sevère. So they tried to convict the leaders of our party. My husband was away in the interior, voting from our estate, but they arrested him too. The trial lasted a long time, but they only proved the guilt of their own party.

"The day after Siger was killed there was another panic. It was terrible. The whites expected a negro uprising. The old gang had told the blacks that we were planning to massacre them. And the Governor from France, who is a fool, made matters worse."

Since this tragedy Fort de France has been governed administratively. No elections being permitted, the old corrupt gang is still in power. Nothing but the presence of the mounted gendarmes, who patrol the island day and night, prevents wholesale bloodshed. As it is, dueling is incessant. Her husband had been challenged three times in the last year. He was wounded in the first encounter, drew blood in the second, killed his man in the third. As a result, he had been compelled to flee away by night to the neighboring English island of St. Lucia. She had stayed behind in Martinique to keep his paper alive. But every day she had been insulted in the street, every mail brought threatening letters, at night she slept with a revolver under her pillow. At last she could stand it no longer, and was now on her way to join her husband. Afraid of some hostile demonstration—even of arrest if her departure were known—she had masked as a widow and had been rowed aboard, not from the

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public dock, but from the plantation of a friend farther down the bay.

We sat up all through the soft southern night—for it was useless, she said, for her to try to sleep—talking of the political tangles of the colony. It was a sordid, almost hopeless, story that she told. It was not exaggerated, for I have since had opportunity to verify it.

The morning held another surprise for me. As we drew up to the dock at St. Lucia, I saw a man running wildly towards us. And it is not often that you see a well-dressed man running in the West Indies. He wore a spotless white suit and an elegant drooping Panama hat. He was a negro—as black as the coal-piles ashore.

"*Mon mari!*" And my beautiful lady was leaning over the rail, frantically throwing kisses to the grinning black. As soon as the gangplank was down he dashed aboard and into her arms. I have seldom seen a more affectionate greeting.

OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER IX

HOW MRS. FRANK TRIED HER INNOCENT GAMES ON ONE OF THE GREAT ONES OF THE EARTH

THERE is a most amusing article in this week's Balance on the Scold and her place in mediæval life. The writer had seen a ducking-chair somewhere, and had been led by it to a series of reflections on the Scold, and, what is perhaps more interesting, the Scold's husband.

It is a topic on which we are very ill informed, and the fancy has a free field. What, he asked, was the husband doing while his wife was being corrected? Was he a spectator or an absentee? Was he proud—a kind of inverted hero—or was he ashamed? Had he not more probably a very lively sense of what was in store for him at night, and was he not nerving himself for the fray in the inn parlor?

The writer then went on to consider the home-coming of the Scold: wet through certainly, but was she penitent? Did she scold no more? Is any one ever cured? The home-coming of the husband, he suggested, would be later. And so forth.

Meeting Mr. Dabney on the stairs, I mentioned the article and asked him who wrote it. He said it was written by a young fellow named Wynne—Frank Wynne. Isn't that odd? I knew Frank for an amusing embroiderer, but I never thought of him having so much humor as that.

He and his wife being at Queen Anne's Gate to dinner, I congratulated him.

"How did you know I wrote it?" he asked; and I told him about Mr. Dabney. "By the way," I added to Naomi, "that proves my prophecy. Don't you remember my saying that Mr. Dabney and I would find we had a common friend? And it turns out to be Frank."

Frank, however, denied that he knew him; his connection with the paper was the result of correspondence; and so I said I would bring Mr. Dabney to Barton Street to tea, and they should then meet.

"But isn't he very fierce?" asked Mrs. Frank, thinking, I am sure, of the twins.

"You must tame him," I said.

She certainly tried.

Never was there such a tea. Mrs. Frank must have lain awake half the night meditating upon the attack, for this was her first editor, and was she not a young journalist's wife? (Such a chance!) In her original scheme were hot cakes and cold, muffins and crumpets, brown bread and white, jam and marmalade; but she had a doubt and put it to Frank.

"Isn't there a danger," she said,

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"that he may think we're too well off already?"

Frank thought there might. So the muffins went and the other hot cakes and the marmalade.

"And what about my dress?" she said. "I should like to wear the red one, but it does look a little bit expensive."

"It's very beautiful," said Frank.

"Don't you like the purple one, then?" she asked, anxiously.

"Of course I do; they're both beautiful."

"Well, which shall it be?"

"Why not the red dress, and leave off all your rings but the wedding-ring?"

And so did these Machiavellian babes arrange it.

They might have saved themselves their trouble, for Mr. Dabney is one of those persons who carry their environment with them. He ate his tea nobly, but he could not have said afterwards what he consumed; it was all cake to him, or all bread and butter, such is the activity of his mind.

Mrs. Frank was adorable; she talked her best talk, and, her fears allayed, sent for the twins, whom Mr. Dabney inspected with a most admirable show of interest, although at any moment I felt he might remark that one or the other was too long and would be better with twenty lines cut out.

He arranged for some articles with Frank, and then left. Mrs. Frank was very happy, but I doubt if her innocent and loyal strategy had anything to do with it. Still, it is very pretty to see a young wife working for her husband.

"Frank is a dear," Mrs. Frank said to me later, "but really he is a little too casual about refusing work. The Balance only takes two articles a week, which doesn't pay for more than nurse and our dinners, but nothing will induce him to write for other papers unless he likes them."

"*O si sic omnes!*" I said.

"What does that mean?" she asked, coldly. "I have an uncle who talks like that."

"I'm very sorry," I said. "I won't do it again. It means that I wish all the other journalists were like Frank. Then we should have some decent, honest papers."

"Oh, yes;" she said, "but really one can be too nice and fastidious. What about the twins? I wanted them to go to Eton. And he won't write a play, either," she contiuued. "That's the way to make money, and it's so easy. We go to the theater pretty often, and I never see anything that Frank couldn't have done better. All you have to do is to make people say foolish things in nice clothes. But Frank says he couldn't. He says it's a special gift, and he hates the stage. He won't even try."

"Frank's all right," I said; "he's finding himself. You mustn't hurry him."

"There are so many things we want," she replied. "You don't know."

"I'm afraid you are a bad woman," I said. "You should believe more in the ravens. Young journalists and young journalists' wives ought not to be rich. If you talk like this, I shall begin to think you have made a mistake and ought really to have married a stock-broker."

As a matter of fact, Frank is doing quite well enough. His name is getting to be known for delicate work, and he is in he way of makingf our or five hundred a year already. That is plenty. But you might as well pour Château Yquem into the Thames as tell a young wife that she would be less happy with more money.

Frank, however, does not let it worry him, but goes smiling through the world, elaborating his little humorous fancies, building up little literary lyrics, and writing reviews and so forth; and there is probably no great danger in Mrs. Frank's covetousness. But I wish she wouldn't.

I don't know that I blame her, for the air is so full of cupidity nowadays that it is taken in through the pores unless you watch yourself very carefully. She is otherwise a rational little woman, of no great force of character, but plenty of cheerfulness and loyalty, who has in reality one of the serenest of lives, for the twins are no more trouble than they ought to be to supply their mother with congenial topics of conversation and that leaven of anxiety that keeps mothers happy, and Mrs. Frank's mother and Frank's mother vie with each other in showering little presents on the household, and Naomi is

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continually looking in with her dear sunny face.

Let Mrs. Frank be happy while she can. Some day her husband will be offered £1,000 a year to edit a paper, and a literary peeress will take them up, and that will be the end.

I find that Frank has been selling his review copies to Mr. Bemerton for a long time, and they are old friends. I met him there recently on the search for second-hand copies of the collected poems of one of the older living poets, having had a commission from an editor to prepare his obituary notice against the dread summons. I had not given much thought to this branch of journalistic industry, but, of course, now that I think of it, I see that the pigeonholes of Fleet Street must be full of these anticipatory articles which only need occasional revision to date to be all ready when the scythe is finally sharpened. To meet an editor must be for a thoughtful celebrity as chilling as the spectacle of the mummy at the Egyptian banquet.

Frank tells me that the practice on one of the papers for which he is engaged is to withhold payment until the article is used. "This," he says, "is all very well so long as one is flush. But, if one were broke, just think of what one might be tempted to do, for I see Blank [his poetical victim] at the Museum continually, and could easily poison his soup at the Vienna Café."

"Poets," Frank said to me one day, "ought to have some common fund from which they might borrow for sustenance without shame—some Pactolian spring into which to dip their cups. You know those ingenious contribution boxes, invented by Mr. Sidney Holland, which invite you to drop in a penny and by so doing maintain the London Hospital for one second—a dial indicating the passage of your own pennyworth of time as you do so. Well, I thought once of adopting this plan, and calling upon the public to drop in a penny and thus maintain me. 'A penny keeps a poet for half an hour,' it might have said."

"Apropos of poets," said I, "come upstairs and I will show you a book." I need hardly say what the book was.

I delighted Frank immensely by reading him the passage describing the ruse to which Ch'ēn-Tzu-Ang, the poet, resorted in order to win recognition.

"Proceeding to the capital, he purchased a very expensive guitar which had been for a long time on sale, and then let it be known that on the following day he would perform upon it in public. This attracted a large crowd; but, when Ch'ēn arrived, he informed his auditors that he had something in his pocket worth much more than the guitar. Thereupon he dashed the instrument into a thousand pieces, and forthwith began handing round copies of his own writings."

Like every one else who sees this fascinating volume, Frank was wild for more, and I read him excerpts from the lives of other poets—not better than Dr. Samuel Johnson's, but more concise and freakish. Such as Wang-Po, a poet of the seventh century A.D., who began as a statesman, but, on being dismissed from office for satirizing the cock-fighting propensities of the Imperial princes, filled up his leisure by composing verses.

"He never meditated upon these beforehand, but, after having prepared a quantity of ink ready for use, he would drink himself tipsy and lie down with his face covered up. On waking, he would seize his pen and write off verses, not a word of which needed to be changed; whence he acquired the sobriquet of 'Belly-draft.'"

Liu-Ling, another poet, and one of the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grave, was also a hard drinker and a man of infinite humor. It was he who declared that "'to a drunken man the affairs of this world appear as so much duckweed in a river.' He wished to be always accompanied by a servant with wine, and followed by another with a spade, so that he might be buried where he fell. On one occasion, yielding to the entreaties of his wife, he promised to 'swear off,' and bade her prepare the usual sacrifices of wine and meat. When all was ready, he prayed, saying, 'O God, who didst give to Liu-Ling a reputation through wine, he being able to consume a gallon at a sitting and requiring a quart to sober him again, listen not to the words of his wife, for she speaketh not truth.' Thereupon he drank up the sacrificial wine, and was soon as drunk as ever."

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A tenderer genius was Chēng-Ku, of the ninth century A.D., who "said that no one should sing his 'Song of the Partridge' in the presence of Southerners, as it made them think sadly of their far-off homes."

Li-Po, founder of the coterie known as the Eight Immortals of the Wine-Cup (having got his hand in as a club-maker by forming, some years earlier, the hard-drinking company known as the Six Idlers of the Bamboo Brook), should certainly be better known in a country where the sanction of an illustrious wine-bibber—a Burns or an Omar—is so necessary to literary convivialists. The mother of Li-Po, who roistered and reveled in the eighth century A.D., dreamed just before his birth of the planet Venus. The boy was therefore a poet at ten years of age, and a great swordsman very soon after.

About A.D. 742 he reached Ch'ang-An. The Emperor "was charmed with his verses, prepared a bowl of soup for him with his own hands, and at once appointed him to the Han-Liu College." Later, "with a lady of the Seraglio to hold his ink-slab, he dashed off some of his most impassioned lines; at which the Emperor was so overcome that he made the powerful eunuch Kao-Li-Shih go down on his knees and pull off the poet's boots." Kao's desire for revenge made it necessary for Li-Po to leave the court, which he did with seven companions, and they are now known collectively as the Eight Immortals of the Wine-Cup. He met his death characteristically, by drowning, "from leaning one night over the edge of the boat, in a drunken effort to embrace the reflection of the moon."

Li-Po had no monopoly of such ends. Fu-I, another poet and the originator of epitaphs, was of the same mettle. His own epitaph, which he composed with accurate foresight, runs thus:

"Fu-I loved the green hills and the white clouds,
Alas! he died of drink."

"Very different from our reputed Laureate," Frank remarked, adding, "I wish you'd lend me that book."

"For why?" I replied. "To write about it?"

He admitted the weakness.

"No," I said, with startling decision. "No."

CHAPTER X

A HERO-WORSHIPER AGAIN GLIMPSES HIS HERO, AFTER MANY YEARS

To look up Trist was, I knew, both necessary and desirable, and yet I dreaded it too. Not quite as I had dreaded the visit to Esher, but as a duty to be put off. Why? For we had been great friends; more, he had been my exemplar, my model. His year or two of seniority, his *flair* for civilization, as I might call it, had set him in the position of mentor. I had been rather at his feet than by his side. That was thirty and more years ago; and now, . . . do you understand?

In the days when Trist and I shared rooms I was in the City and he sub-edited an evening paper. He was fresh from Oxford, wealthy, contemptuous, and gay; he took his duties very lightly, but was an admirable man for the post, and did much to establish the paper's reputation on the humorous side.

Although I could not afford it, I went to the same tailor and hosier; I smoked the same brand, which was then a simple thing to do, for it was before the second discovery of tobacco, so to speak, when there were few mixtures, and no "Pioneers of the Smoking World," and it was possible to walk twenty yards along a street and not pass three tobacconists'. I am not naturally a hero-worshiper, but Trist found me at an impressionable age and he filled an empty space. I had better have been in love, no doubt, but that was not my way.

Soon after I had left England he threw up journalism, traveled, then did some political private-secretarial work, and so forth, and as relation after relation died and left him money, he gradually became a connoisseur of life and nothing else, and settled down in Gray's Inn permanently, with his floating population of fifty pairs of perfect trousers, a profile glass, and an invaluable man.

In Buenos Aires I had written to Trist now and then, and he to me: enough to inform each other that the end was not yet, but little more.

I continued to put off the call as long as I could. There is something very perilous in the resumption of intercourse after many years, especially when the man

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you are going to see was once your hero. Heroes do not wear well, and it is a question whether they are less heroic to their valets who see them continually or to old admirers who have acquired thirty years of experience since they saw them last. I was going, I felt, to see Trist with very clear eyes, and I did not want to. I am absurdly fond of the past.

Few friendships, I suppose, wear honestly through a long life. The friends do not progress equally; one matures quickly, the other slowly. One becomes pious, the other impious. They marry (this is the commonest interruption of all) antipathetic wives. It is all as it should be if they were really friends once, for friends, in fact, belong to periods rather than to all time, although sentiment would have it otherwise. One is always changing a little, although of radical change there is almost none, and new friends are found in tune with each stage. I could admit no longer any need for Trist, and yet all the same I longed to see him and dreaded it too.

There was another obstacle in the way. We were both bachelors. In every man, I take it, even the most married, there sleeps a bachelor; but a bachelor through and through as I have been, and as Trist is, is a less negotiable quantity. No one probably has more affectionate impulses than I—a warmer wish to help and comfort—and yet I am always conscious of a slight barrier between me and those I would befriend and assist, a barrier which probably would not be there had I married. Marriage, there is no doubt, is a solvent; and the curious thing is that the married reveal their state: marconigrams pass.

Bachelors have many advantages, but they are all minor. Perhaps the greatest advantage they enjoy is that of still being able to follow an impulse; but even this rarely seems to give them all the pleasure that it would give many a man who has tasted restriction. Feeding on impulses can become as distasteful as feeding on jam roll.

As it happened, fate took the matter out of my hands, for I walked bang into Trist one afternoon under my own roof—that is to say, in Bemerton's shop. He was engaged in the characteristic occupation of making some one do something for him, and in this case he was dealing with such ordinarily unpromising material as Miss Ruth Wagstaff. He seemed so genuinely glad to see me again that I felt ashamed of having so long deferred my visit; and I promised to dine with him that very evening.

I found Trist in very comfortable, almost luxurious, rooms, at the top of a seventeenth-century house in Gray's Inn, overlooking a beautiful grave square on one side and a beautiful grave lawn on the other. Not quite the true Oxford cloister, but very near it; and with busy London within a stone's throw. His only companion is his man, Jack Rogers, once a sailor in the King's navy, but now, through the loss of an eye, enjoying a pension on land, although only twenty-nine years of age, and acting as valet, cook, and parlor-maid to my old friend. Why a navy which owes most of its prestige to the activities of a man who lacked not only one eye but also one arm should be in such a hurry to get rid of Jack I cannot understand; for he sees far more with his widowed orb than the ordinary observer does with two, and is quite the most capable all-around hand I have yet met.

That Trist should live in Gray's Inn, off Holborn, of all streets, and that his man should not have been for some years with the Duke of B—— and the Earl of A——, are the surprising things; but then Trist makes a point of never belonging wholly to any type. His aim is always to be original somewhere, although never original enough to be conspicuous.

Another of his foibles is to be thought worldly to a point of cynicism; but he is, of course, far too English to be a genuine success, although he may deceive the poor observer. Every man has some ideal, and Trist has been true to his ever since I have known him. I should describe his ideal, which he acquired as quite a youth, as a blend of Lytton's Zanoni and Meredith's Adrian Harley, the wise youth. (For one has to get one's durable exemplars from books; in real life one finds them out.) Underneath, however, he has a sympathetic kindliness which has prompted him to many actions wholly out of keeping with his cool exterior.

He does nothing; he is a true dilet-

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tante; but though he does nothing, he knows all. He studies the papers, collects gossip, sees the new plays, reads the new books, attends sales at Christie's and Sotheby's. Half-past seven finds him in evening dress as naturally as it finds a baby in bed. He is never in a hurry, and never late. His cigarette-case is always full.

Trist's second ambition (the first being never to be unprepared) is to own the best Old Crome. His life may be said almost to have been dedicated to Old Crome. He has three on his walls, and he wants others, but they must be better than the three, which to my eye are perfect. Two are views of Mousehold Heath, which stood for the promised land to this painter, and the other is a cottage and a tree and a peasant woman. They are the only pictures in the room. In the dining-room one painter again is represented, and one only, the rare and marvelous Bonington, who perished in his pride, but not before he had revolutionized French landscape painting—all water-colors. Trist spends hours every week in curiosity shops, and in the summer, when he is driven from London by sheer lack of activity there, he makes his holiday in Norfolk, partly sailing on the Broads and partly bicycling among the farm-houses, into which with masterly address he finds his way and scans the walls for the Master's glow. His manners are charming, and he rarely meets with a rebuff. Down to the present time, however, he tells me, one Crome, and one only, has he found that he covets—and that he cannot get. The owner, a strong, wealthy farmer of as much independence and will power as Trist himself, would as soon sell his daughter.

Nothing else moves Trist to feeling. Old Crome and Bonington can light his eye, but for the rest his attitude through life is one of cool, amused detachment and perfect self-possession. I have from time to time set down his *obiter dicta* on the management of one's affairs in a very civilized progress through this vale of tears; but as I can remember only those that he has dropped in my hearing, the record necessarily is deprived of thousands that may be better—as, indeed, I suppose Boswell's also is. (A new collection of Johnson's good things uttered when Boswell was absent would stand almost first among the books we desire. I mentioned this to Mr. Bemerton one day, for we often talk of the impossible books we should like to have. "Yes," he said, "and what a good subject for the forger!" He is, by the way, greatly interested in literary forgeries, and keeps a number of them together on a shelf, and is one of the few people who have read "Vortigern.")

Here, then, are certain of the aphorisms with which Trist would, in his Chesterfieldian manner, instruct his son, if he had anything so ridiculous. All begin with the same words—concerning which I might perhaps say that by "life" Trist does not mean what a poet means, or a saint, or a school-boy, or a motorist, or even what I mean by it. Trist means by "life" a protected ease. I have jotted them down from time to time as I remembered them—my first thought being mischievously to convict him of inconsistency. I see now, however, that one definite idea connects all.

"The art of life," says Trist, "is the pigeonholing of women." True enough of Englishmen, at any rate, who want women only when they want them (and then they must behave); but no Frenchman would say it.

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to say the same things to everybody. To differentiate one's treatment of people may be interesting, but it leads to complications."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to assume that no one else has any feelings."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is the use and not abuse of alcohol. A wise *apéritif* can make a bad dinner almost good, and a bad partner almost negligible."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to be so well known at a good restaurant that you can pay by check."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to make your tailor come to you."

"The art of life," says Trist, who hates gossip, "is never to see two unrelated people together; but if you must—and it can't be helped very easily—never to mention it again. Three-quarters of the ills of life proceed from the report that So-and-so has been seen with So-and-so.

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There is too much talk. A wise autocrat would cut out the tongue of every baby. A silent society would probably be a happy one; because it would be largely without scandal." That seemed to me, I said, too drastic, and I recommended instead the example (from my Chinese book) of Hsin-Shao, of the second and third century A.D., "who is now chiefly remembered in connection with his practice of devoting the first day of every month to criticism of his neighbors and their conduct."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is never to be out of small change."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to keep down acquaintances. One's friends one can manage, but one's acquaintances can be the devil."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to show your hand. There is no diplomacy like candor. You may lose by it now and then, but it will be a loss well gained if you do. Nothing is so boring as having to keep up a deception."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to live near a post-office but never to go there one's self."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is never to think you know what other people are feeling about you. You are sure to be wrong."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to be thought odd. Everything will then be permitted to you. The best way to be thought odd is to return a check now and then on a conscientious scruple. There is no such investment."

Trist also has a very interesting and ingenious theory that goes more deeply into the management of life. "I do not believe," he once said to me, "in carving out one's own destiny, but I believe that the unexpected happens so often, and the expected so seldom, that one might by steadily anticipating ills avoid calamity."

Trist, however, is not really as monstrous as these maxims would make him out to be. For the full play of his personality he must undoubtedly be calm and prosperous and spoiled; but once he is in that state of bliss he can be extraordinarily kind. One would not see him carrying a poor woman's bundle, or putting himself out over a street casualty; but he has befriended several young artists and musicians, and he lends money capriciously to needy persons at the very moment when money means most to them. He likes to play Fate.

I came away from his rooms that first evening a little saddened. I could not help contrasting the past, when he was so necessary to me, with the present, when we each made the other constrained, and had grown so naturally into the power of doing without each other that the early conditions could never be restored.

But since then I have fallen into the old Trist habit again, and now I like to be with him almost as much as ever, although I am no longer plastic as I was. I like his fastidiousness, and it amuses me (and perhaps does me good) to watch the skill with which he looks ahead by instinct to insure his comfort.

We are to go down to Miss Gold's to tea one afternoon next week. Trist, it seems, has a taxicab driver in his pocket, and he will convey us there. "I telephone him when I want him," said Trist; "it is far better than being bothered with a car of one's own."

Of course.

(To be continued)

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THE BOY'S GRANDFATHER

BY M. R. LUCAS

New York City, December 18, 1907.

My Dear Boy:

I SEND you by express to-day a Christmas token—two small volumes of Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia," got up in a design at once simple and beautiful. The illustrations are above praise, and singularly felicitous in their appropriateness to the text in its old-fashioned, new-fashioned, never-out-of-fashion message from life.

Turn first to the picture illustrating "Modern Gallantry," the dandified young men, hands in air, occupying the entire pavement with their importance, while the poor, shabbily appareled old woman carries her abashed and uncertain footsteps into the near-by gutter.

Now read the essay; ponder on it, and get out of it what every self-respecting American boy should have, reverence and respect for woman. Not the exaggerated courtesy that young men pay to women from motives of gallantry, nor the more studied and respectful courtesy accorded to women of established position in society, but the courtesy that every woman has a right to in deference to her place in the world and its obligations.

I want you to know that this essay, "Modern Gallantry," in a large measure made you what you are. I have noted the satisfied and respectful attitude of your mind in conversation with your young companions and others about your ancestry. I observed the honest and pardonable pride with which you exhibited the miniatures of your grandfather and grandmother (there are not many miniatures on ivory in Dunois); and your school-boy friends were properly impressed with your own idea of your importance, all except that dear boy, George Lewis, who cares nothing for fine houses and rich belongings, but bubbles over with love for his kind.

Your mother and I are satisfied with you, for we know that you are an honest, manly boy, and a gentleman. You know that I am Joseph W. Paice, proprietor of a wealthy factory in Dunois, that your mother belongs to a large and influential family there, that the miniatures of your grandfather and grandmother, whom you faintly recall as frequent visitors to Dunois in your childhood, represent people of consequence, but what you do not know, and are now old enough to learn, and what this little gift furnishes an opportunity of presenting in a way highly satisfactory to myself, reverencing, as I do, the spirit and personality of Charles Lamb, who has never ceased to live for me, as he lived for my father, is that you and I have no call to the name of Joseph W. Paice, nor had your grandfather before you, unless, indeed, the bearing it honorably for two generations (I trust you for the third) in such manner that Charles Lamb's friend need not blush for us, constitutes our right.

I well remember the shocked, almost horrified astonishment with which your mother received from me this disclosure; how she shrank from the nameless heredity of me; how she postponed our marriage in order that she might view the question from my side, a side so new and alien to all her former notions of her own importance. That I bore the delay of the marriage with perfect tranquillity, founded on an absolute faith in the just and wholesome principles of your mother's mind, biased though it was by the prejudices inseparable from a family rich and influential for several generations, I need not tell you, who know so well the nobility and generosity of your mother's soul.

Your grandfather had no recollection of his childhood; he remembers no mother, no father, no relatives; only a horrible old man, relation or not he did not know, who ill-used him and sent him out to beg or earn money in any way on the streets of New York. After the old man's death every wave of ill fortune cast your grandfather about, till at last a wind of destiny blew him into port in a junk-shop, where his small energy was burdened by tasks totally unfitted to his years. He was then fifteen, and just beginning to give promise of that splendid physical perfection realized in his young manhood, which

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easily made him a conspicuous object in any assembly, however large. He went to a night school when his dreary day was over, but so exhausted was his growing young body by the day's toil that many a time he fell asleep over his lesson.

He often described to me the day he was sent to fetch a barrel of cast-off articles from the store of a rich Englishman; how he sorted it out, sitting on the floor in a dingy, dusty, dirty room, a single line of sunshine from a narrow back window cutting the sordid gloom; how at the bottom of the barrel he found his jewel of price—an old, battered, moldy, water-stained copy of the London Magazine; how it fell open at a certain page, and how his listless eye lit on these words: "I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess."

That night he carried the book to his mean lodgings and laboriously spelled through the whole essay "Modern Gallantry;" *and that essay made him a gentleman.* Thereafter he dropped the uncouth name forced upon him by the old man, and wrote himself, in his stiff, new handwriting, "Joseph Winstanley Paice." He lived up to the name, and those who knew him in his mature years and handsome old age pronounced him, like Joseph Paice, "the finest gentleman of his time." He married Mary McCarthy, daughter of Thomas McCarthy, head of the then small but substantial dry-goods firm of Thomas McCarthy & Son, being at that time their junior clerk. She was a teacher in the New York public schools, and she it was who completed his education and inspired him with that lofty and abiding passion for literature which found its satisfaction in the acquiring of the magnificent collection of books since known as the "Joseph Paice Library."

I feel sure, my dear boy, that you will be heartened and lifted up by this brief history of your grandfather. "Lifted up" was a phrase constantly on his tongue; and the words "Sursum Corda," which he had engraved on his book-plate, were an animate acknowledgment of his debt to Providence, as well as a banner of hope and a reminder of his obligation to humanity.

As Joseph Paice in an earlier day, so was your grandfather in a later generation "the Preux Chevalier of the Age; the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristram to those who have no Calidores or Tristrams to defend them. The roses that had long faded thence still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks."

The business that brought me to New York is safely accomplished, and I shall be at home on Christmas Day.

Affectionately, your father,

JOSEPH W. PAICE.

MASTER JOSEPH W. PAICE, Jr.,
2432 Locust Street, Dunois, Iowa.

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PUBLIC OPINION

HOLDING COMPANIES

I have been interested in your recent comments upon the Tariff Bill now before Congress, and especially with regard to the tax on the net earnings of corporations. In the issue of July 17 you discuss the effect of the tax upon the income of holding companies, and express the opinion that it should not be applied to such companies. [We evidently did not make our meaning clear. We have held no such opinion.—THE EDITORS.] It seems to me, however, that the remainder of the article, in which you raise the question as to whether or not such a tax is not proper on other grounds than as a means of raising revenue, and practically convey the impression that it may be justified on such grounds, is open to criticism.

The illustration given is that of a single case; namely, that of a railway company wishing to control a mining company. It does not appear to be fair to draw general conclusions from this single illustration, and possibly this is not your intention; but the effect of the article would seem to present to your readers only a single and a very simple phase of what is a very difficult and a very complicated situation. There are holding companies and holding companies, and it is only fair that your readers should be advised with respect to this question, just as they usually are with all questions which are discussed in your columns, because it has been my experience that The Outlook has sought to present fairly all sides of every question. A single illustration of a holding company may be given: It is sought to construct a railway, for instance, from New York to Chicago. A company is formed under the laws of the State of New York. When the construction reaches, we will say, the State of Pennsylvania, it may quite likely be found that the laws of that State are not such as to allow of railway construction by a foreign corporation. Hence a Pennsylvania corporation must be formed, an Ohio company, and so on—local companies in each of the States to be traversed. When operation begins, it is essential, in the interests of the public, and in the interest of efficient and continuous transportation, that the system shall be operated by a single management. Hence a holding company may be formed. Now, if under the pending bill the net income of these various corporations is taxed, it is certainly not reasonable that the income of the holding company shall be taxed, and with this I assume that you agree.

Coming to the further question raised, namely, as to the justification for the tax on holding companies for purposes other than revenue, I think that your question, which is, of course, an important one, and one about which the opinions of persons may very well differ, should be answered in the negative. It seems to me also that this answer is the one which your readers would naturally expect from The Outlook, because almost the identical situation has arisen in the past with regard to the tariff, and the attitude of The Outlook on that question would seem to define its attitude on this question.

There has been from time immemorial discussion of the tariff—whether it should be a tariff for revenue, a tariff for protection, a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, or a tariff for protection with incidental revenue. It seems to me that in the very same way, substituting the word "tax" for the word "tariff," we would have, as to the present question, to say whether this tax shall be for revenue, or for revenue with incidental regulation, or for regulation, or for regulation with incidental revenue. The Outlook has expressed its views, as I understand it, that a tariff should be fundamentally for revenue; and this tax should, in my judgment, like all other taxes, be levied fundamentally for revenue purposes. The attempt to complicate the collection of revenue by the passage of laws aimed at entirely different ends has always resulted, and will always result, in more or less chaos.

We have Corporation Commissions, Railway Commissions, Public Service Commissions, Inter-State Commerce Commissions, Departments of Commerce and Labor, and possibly other agencies, all directed towards the subject of the control of corporations in one way or another. If we are now to encourage among all the States the proposition that their State Tax Boards shall be vested with power, not only to secure revenue, but to accomplish something in the way of corporate control, we shall certainly find that the results will be entirely unsatisfactory. You will say, of course, that it is simply a question in which the Federal Government is interested; but any one who has studied the history of the past will readily see that the example set by Congress will be instantly followed by similar legislation among the States. I submit, therefore, that the tendency is a dangerous one, and the course should not be entered upon; certainly not without vastly more discussion and publicity than has been given to the bill now under discussion.

ALFRED E. HOLCOMB.

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CO-OPERATIVE COAL-MINING

The Outlook for June 12 contains an article by Mr. D. J. McAdam entitled "A Co-operative Coal-Mining Company." It is not often that we find ideal conditions existing between operator and miner, and we note that in this instance Mr. McAdam has accompanied his article with both facts and figures—which prove conclusively that the co-operative plan is an excellent one in every way for the miner, but how about the owner in the experiment referred to in the above-mentioned article? He was to receive one-fourth the profit for the first three months, and five cents per ton plus one-fourth of the profits thereafter.

The first half-month the receipts just paid expenses and wages—no profit for the owner. The second half-month the receipts were $66 in excess of expenses and wages, which was charged to repairs—again no profit for the owner. The following three half-months the receipts were less than the miners' wages—still no profit for the owner. Therefore the mine was worked two and one-half months with no profit to the operator, which will approximately amount to the following, provided full time was made and five hundred tons per day mined, which Mr. McAdam says was the case:

500 tons per day for 75 days=37,500 tons, or about 5 acres of coal land were exhausted.		
5 acres @ $100 00 per acre		$500 00
1260 " " " " " "	$126,000 00	
Equipment	10,000 00	
Original investment	$136,000 00	
2½ months @ 6%		1,700 00
Net loss to owner		$2,200 00

Taxes and wear and tear not included.

Will Mr. McAdam kindly explain his statement, *i.e.*, "Co-operation can keep the mine working so as to give the miner a full month's work and the owner a full month's profit?" And will he also answer the following questions?

What advantage has a co-operative mine over the well-organized selling agencies of other companies with regard to sales and prices obtained?

How was the co-operative mine able to run full time when competitors were either idle or running but half time?

In case full time was made and sales were made at the very low prices which exist during times of depression, how could the owner secure a full month's profit?

This experiment has no advantages over the present relations between miner and operator in favor of the latter except the elimination of all labor disputes and the removal of responsibility for liability arising from mine accidents, explosions, etc.

Mr. McAdam has touched but lightly on the character of our bituminous coal miner. That the average miner is incapable of understanding any such arrangement as set forth needs no proof. He is, in the majority of cases, a foreigner, with no knowledge of the English tongue, and apparently no ambition beyond a bare existence and enough money to patronize the always near-by saloon.

Much more could be said on the impracticability of the co-operative plan as experimented on in Indiana. Take, for example, the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, which run in value from $200 to $3,000 per acre. Who would be willing to intrust the operation of such valuable property to a body of ignorant men?

To those who have had experience with the miner of the present day this plan will not appeal, and I think they will agree that should it be adopted the Coal Baron would not only cease to exist, but would be compelled to go through bankruptcy first.

Sewickley, Pennsylvania. R. S. RICHARDS.

At the request of The Outlook, Mr. McAdam makes the following reply:

In the article referred to in the above letter the facts of the experiment were given, and if from these the writer drew a too optimistic conclusion, it is possible that his critic is drawing a too pessimistic one. This arises partly from his losing sight of two things: first, that little was expected from the first three months in which the new company was given to find its bearings; and in the second place, that it was launched in a time of the most extreme depression which the coal business has experienced in its history.

To follow a few of the points made by Mr. Richards:

1. As to the loss to the owner from the operation, Mr. Richards rather understates than exaggerates it.

The miners, while all had the opportunity, did not work all the time, and exhausted about three (3) acres.

(a)	3 acres worked out @ $150.00 an acre	$450 00
	Interest on $200,000 investment for 2½ months	2,500 00
	Net loss	$2,950 00
(b)	Suppose the mine had been idle:	
	Pumping 2½ months @ $250 a month	625 00
	Interest as before	2,500 00
	Net loss	$3,125 00
(c)	Suppose the mine had been worked in the usual way, at a loss of what miners charged off their wages:	
	22,500 tons @ 15c	3,375 00
	3 acres worked out	750 00
	Interest as before	2,500 00
	Net loss	$6,625 00

There was a loss during the time in which no royalty was paid, but the loss was less

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than in the two other possible conditions; and that they were not singular in this respect, during that time, the record of receiverships, default in interest on bonds, passing of dividends over all the coal-fields, fully attests.

2. "What advantage has a co-operative mine over the well-organized selling agencies of other companies with regard to sales and prices obtained?" None whatever. No company can make money that has not an efficient selling department. What is to hinder a co-operative company from selling with all the methods used by other companies? It was a weakness, of course, in the cited case, that the membership fee was not larger and that the men were not required to leave one-third of their wages in the treasury until working capital was in hand.

3. "How could the mine run when others could not?" Of course, for the reason that when the market would not bear full miners' wages, plus mine royalty, the coal was sold at the market. The miners' wages which were too high in the depression were scaled. The owner got only his minimum royalty (after three months). Of course "following the market" might be carried to extremes.

4. Mr. Richards fairly states some of the advantages which come to the operator and omits others.

(a) A proper plan, in addition to the upkeep of the plant, provides a minimum royalty, to be taken out of the gross earnings of the mine, which will at least cover cost of land and equipment, make replacements, repairs, and carry insurance.

The owner, then, is fairly safe, and can afford to take his chance in his share of profits out of net profits.

The royalty will vary with the price of land and equipment, and will, of course, be higher for $2,000 land than for $150 land. The freedom from suits for damages from personal injury is an item not to be shelved in an aside, as Mr. Richards does. How many mines does he know that do not have thousands of dollars of damage suits pending? How many suits has he won, as owner, before a jury?

A co-operative company ought to carry insurance on its members, as operators carry insurance on their men.

(b) A very important relief was not mentioned in the reply.

Suppose the money which the operator is expecting does not come in time; suppose it is not enough to pay wages in full; suppose that in times of money distress he offers to pay in cashier's check, which his men refuse; he knows full well what will happen. Before night liens are entered, lawyers' fees and court expenses are heaped up, his mine is closed, his credit gone. In co-operation this danger is avoided. The dread of it has kept many a mine closed. Taking the risk of it has wrecked many a company.

(c) It relieves the miner from the thraldom to which he is subject by some of the rules of his union. It enables him to accept a scale of wages which he earns. If more than union scale—good. If less, what more reasonable result than to get for his labor what the product of his labor brings in the market? And all this done with the consent of the union and its friendly help.

5. As to the character of the miners: the article in question admitted that as a serious obstacle to the universal success of co-operation. It would not be worth Mr. Richards's while to try it with his men, if he fairly describes them.

The danger that even a well-manned mine may come to change its character so as to get Mr. Richards's kind of men in it is, of course, great. No sane man would commit a valuable mine to any lessee, be he miner or other company, without adequate safeguards. In the experiment mentioned the engineering oversight was in the hands of a skillful man, largely interested financially in the mine. The inspection was constant, and control of the physical condition of the mine was fully provided for in the lease. So it must be, of course, in good reason, in any case.

BIRD REFUGES

In an article "The Government as a Teacher," in The Outlook for April 17, I notice a reference, page 872, to the bird refuges created by President Roosevelt. These desolate islands are the nesting-places only of the sea birds: gulls, terns, cranes, pelicans, and such. After lifelong observation of these birds, I cannot think of any useful purpose which they serve, nor any reason why they should be preserved. I do not believe that Dr. Fisher has ever found an insect in the stomach of any of this class of bird. They are voracious eaters, and their diet is entirely of fish.

In the shallow waters of the shore the cranes, herons, egrets, and their kin are after the little fishes day and night, while over the deep waters the gulls and terns, pelicans and cormorants, are forever circling and diving after fish. The fishermen are compelled to observe a closed season, when they may not take any fish, and they are prohibited at all times from using a fine-meshed seine, so that the small fish may always go free. These hungry birds, however, observe no closed season, and the small fry is always their

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prey. It is well within the truth to say that for every fish taken by man a dozen are devoured by the sea birds.

It would seem to be a very ill-advised policy on the part of the Government to spend thousands of dollars each year in hatching and distributing young food fish to stock the waters of the coast and at the same time to protect these worthless birds which destroy countless millions of the fry. Food fish are becoming scarcer each year and the price higher. It looks as if the poorer people would soon have to do without this good article of food, while these Government-protected birds continue to gorge themselves on the young fish.

In the early days on this coast the bears, raccoons, and other wild animals kept the sea birds somewhat in check by devouring the eggs and young on the nesting-grounds, but with the advance of settlement these animals have been destroyed. The sea birds, thus freed from their natural enemies, are increasing, and this increase accounts in large measure for the growing scarcity of fish. The few thousands which the plume-hunters could find a market for would never have any noticeable effect on the numbers of these birds, so why should not the ladies have them to adorn their hats if they wish? It is the only approach to a useful purpose which the bird could serve, and every bird so used means the saving of many fish.

While birds are certainly among the best friends of man and deserving of protection at his hands, still it should not be overlooked that there are birds and birds, and not all are equally deserving of our care. Unless my observations of the sea birds are at fault, they should be treated as a pest rather than as friends. GILBERT S. WARNER.

Palma Sala, Florida.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS

Having read the article "Denial of Justice," I offer a suggestion as to a law which I think would do very much to stop the injustice of the many appeals to the higher courts. My suggestion is that a law something like the following be passed: Whenever a suit against a corporation, company, or individual for damages, for loss of life, or personal injury has been tried and a verdict rendered by a jury in favor of the plaintiff has been given, it shall be competent for the defendant to appeal from such verdict to a higher court; but if, after the case has again been tried, a verdict for the plaintiff shall again be given, such verdict must be for *double* the amount of that given in the court from which the case was appealed. D. E. DAVIS, JR.

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

A better plan is that urged by President Roosevelt. At present, when an industrial accident is due to even the momentary negligence of the victim, or of a fellow-worker, the victim is held responsible; and even in a case where he is not held responsible, he or his family can recover damages only by instituting legal proceedings. In his Message sent to Congress in December, 1907, President Roosevelt says: "It works grim hardship to the ordinary wage-worker and his family to have the effect of such an accident fall solely upon him; and, on the other hand, there are whole classes of attorneys who exist only by inciting men who may or may not have been wronged to undertake suits for negligence. As a matter of fact, a suit for negligence is generally an inadequate remedy for the person injured, while it often causes altogether disproportionate annoyance to the employer. The law should be made such that the payment for accidents by the employer would be automatic instead of being a matter for lawsuits. Workmen should receive certain and definite compensation for all accidents in industry, irrespective of negligence." In laws of limited application one part of this plan is already in operation. On inter-State railways, for instance, workmen may receive compensation without reference to the negligence of any fellow-servant, and to some degree in spite of their own negligence. The other part of the plan, however, which would make the recovery of damages automatic, is not less important. It would certainly put an end to one very large class of cases in which, through the intervention of technicalities and other obstructions, justice is so frequently denied.—THE EDITORS.

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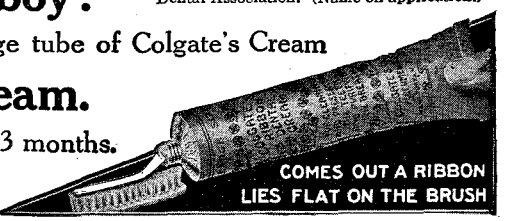

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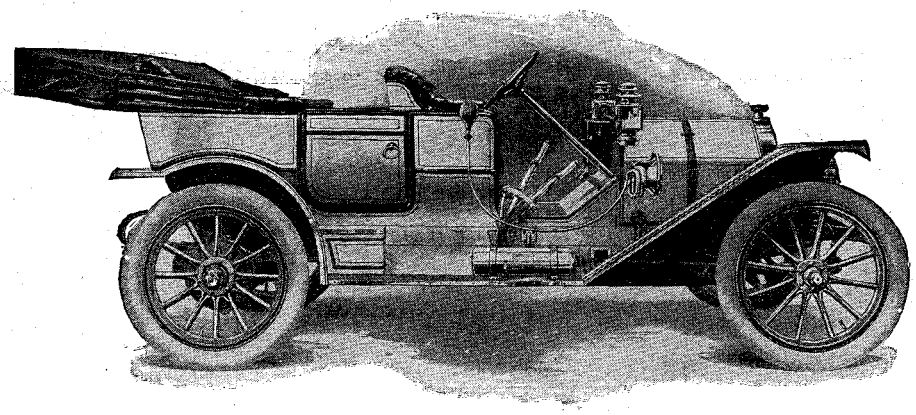

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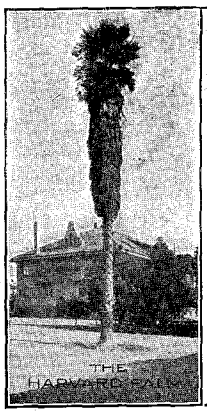

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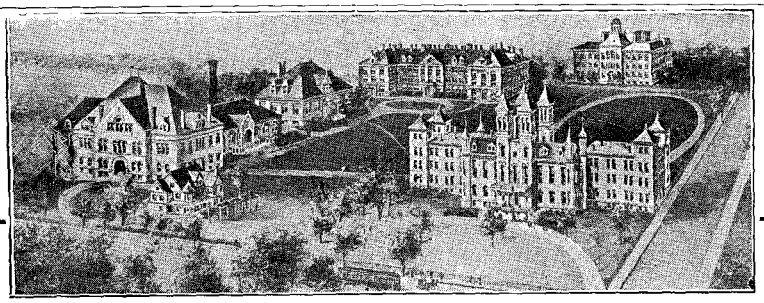

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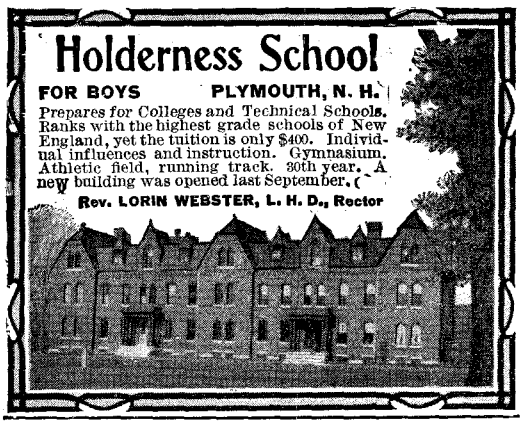

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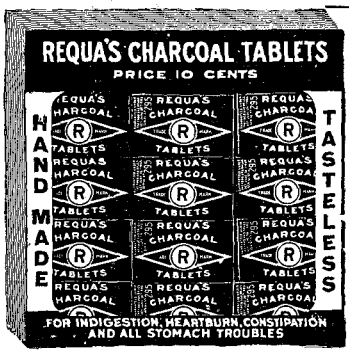

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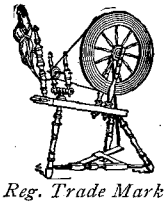

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